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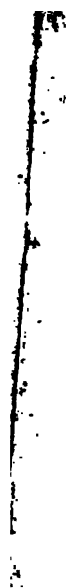


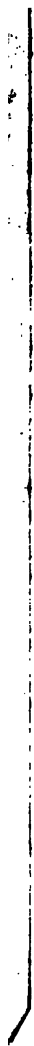
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A Father's Tribute

TO THE MEMORY OF A BELOVED DAUGHTER ;

WITH EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF

MISS ELIZABETH TURNER,

LATE OF CRISPIN STREET,
AND OF THE OLD ARTILLERY GROUND,

WHO DIED APRIL 7, 1830, IN THE 24th YEAR OF HER AGE.

" TO DIE IS GAIN. "




PUBLISHED BY R. B. SEELEY AND W. BURNSIDE :

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SURREY.

PREFACE.

THE following pages were written, not for the sake of making a book, but in the hope that they might, under the Divine blessing, become useful to individuals who are painfully exercised in the Divine life. They contain, as will be seen by every attentive reader, the experience of one, who had to make her way to the kingdom of heaven, through the old path of much tribulation, accompanied with fightings without, and fears within. It will also be seen by the simplicity of the statements herein made, that they are presented to the public without gloss, or attempting any literary excellence whatever, but that they appear in their native form, as in language best suited to express the feelings of the mind which dictated them.

In offering myself to the notice of the public in connection with my late beloved daughter, I have endeavoured to place myself in the back ground as much as possible, though I could not do so on all

occasions, as will be seen in that part of the work for which I am responsible; conscious of my own unworthiness on the one hand, yet trusting that I have obtained mercy of the Lord on the other, I venture, though with the deepest humility, to offer this Tribute to the memory of one, who is not only still dear to me, but to many to whom she was known, and in whose hearts she still lives. I now send forth this Tribute to public view, that the God of all grace may be glorified; humbly trusting that it will be made useful and instructive to many, especially to the young.

I have to regret the delay which has attended this publication, which has been occasioned solely from want of time, much of which is necessarily occupied in other avocations.

EDWARD TURNER.

41, Crispin Street, Spitalfields.

Dec. 10th, 1830.

THE FATHER'S TRIBUTE.

For several years past, I have been the subject of many bereaving dispensations, some of which I have felt severely ; so much so, that I have frequently adopted the language of the prophet as my own—" I am the man that has seen affliction by the rod of his wrath." But the late bereavement, the most trying of them all, begets in me feelings that are inexpressible, unless I may be allowed to express them as David did, though from a widely different cause—" Oh my daughter, my daughter ; would God I had died for thee my daughter, my daughter." But I feel the necessity of hushing such an exclamation into silence, and to " become dumb and open not my mouth because God hath done it"—yet I would receive this dispensation, so far as it regards myself, as the rod of chastisement, and if I cry out under it, I trust it will not be the cry of a rebellious son.

The subject of this tribute was to me at all times a most interesting child : for her I lived, and for her I desired to live more than on any other earthly account. My life was bound up in the life of my child, but the

Lord has seen it good to remove her from me, and as I have imitated David in one example, may I follow him in another—"I shall go to her, though she cannot return to me." But she was the subject of affliction—affliction too that was aggravated by peculiar circumstances; and it is the remembrance of this that greatly embitters the loss. Had she passed through less suffering I should feel some alleviation of my woe; but while I am thinking of the weight of suffering she endured, she has found it light because of the weight of glory that has succeeded. It may be asked then, in the language of the poet—

'Why then her loss deplore that is not lost—
Why wanders wretched thought her tomb around,
In infidel distress?'

She is not there, but has ascended to the bosom of her Father who is in heaven—to her Saviour and her God. Believing this as I do, I know I should have yielded her up to God who gave her, instead of enduring the torture of seeing her torn from my unyielding arms. Oh how much happier would it have been to have said under this bereavement, in the spirit as well as in the language of Job—"the Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

'Peace, all my angry passions, then;
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at His sov'reign will
And every murmur die.'

The subject of this tribute was born in Milk Street, Cheapside, and presented early to the Lord in baptism at Kennington Chapel, the Rev. Robert Povah being then the Minister; from that time she became the subject of many prayers which were answered in

God's good time, in the conversion of her soul. Her mother however did not live to see this gracious change, the death of her mother being partly the means, as will be seen presently, of bringing her to attend to the concerns of eternity.

From her infancy she manifested a most amiable disposition which was displayed in a kind, affectionate and dutiful behaviour towards her parents, to whom she was more than ordinarily attached. Her education was often impeded through the frequent indisposition of her mother. She was at length placed at a school about eleven miles from London, for about two years and a half. When she entered this seminary she was nearly twelve years of age; an age it is well known when youth begins to drink into the spirit of the world, especially when placed with others of a kindred disposition, and although the lady at the head of this establishment was professedly religious, and a decided dissenter, yet were the children encouraged in novelty, and every passion for gaiety and vanity was countenanced rather than suppressed. The mind of our young Elizabeth could hardly remain uncontaminated under such a state of things, but the Lord's eye was upon her, and suffered her not to be carried away with frivolity, without those checks of conscience, which embittered the pleasures of this world. Ah, what a mistaken notion do some persons who have the care of youth entertain, that to fit them for entering into life, it is necessary that they should be introduced to all the follies and gaities of the world. The minds of young persons are easily enough led away by the world, without being introduced into it by their tutors. If more attention were paid at our schools to the spiritual improvement of the mind, and the eyes of

our children directed to look off from vanity to the more solid pleasures of religion, how much better qualified would they be to enter into the various situations of life assigned them by providence, and instead of being tempters of one another, through intimacies contracted at school, their after friendships would be formed for their mutual benefit and the benefit of society at large, while pleasures of a more exalted nature would be mutually pursued which would afford them solid enjoyment; they would then look back with delight on the days of restraint and instruction, and forward to the period when their bliss will be complete in a better and a never-ending world.

The worldly habits formed at this seminary, however, were not to be lasting in the experience of the young Elizabeth. She had caught a cold just before she left school, perhaps from carelessness at a time when she ought to have been careful; this took deep root in her constitution, and soon became visible. This circumstance, together with the other already alluded to, were to be sanctified to the counteracting of the baneful effects of the worldly spirit which she had imbibed, and by laying her aside from the world for a long period, wean her from it, and from all those pursuits so eagerly sought after by youth at that period of life. This was not the case however till after the death of her mother, which took place early in the spring of 1822. The effects of the cold alluded to did not bear any very alarming aspect until about this period, when the hollow cough, the sure presage of consumptive disease, became distressing to her friends. * It was particularly noticed on the day of her mother's funeral, by the late Rev. Mr. Freer, who addressed the company on that solemn occasion, before the mournful procession moved

towards the house appointed for all living, in which address he singled her out, and observed to her pointedly, that his ears convinced him (for she could not suppress the cough) she had the seeds of death deeply sown in her young and tender frame, and earnestly exhorted her to seek an interest in the Lord Jesus Christ, and to attend to the things that make for everlasting peace. He preached a funeral sermon on the sabbath following, on which occasion she was likewise present, and who can tell what she felt on those solemn occasions? it was known to none, it is believed, but to God and her own soul.

It was not long after this before she was severely attacked with the disease under which she so long suffered, and by which she was so reduced as to be considered in the last stage of consumption. After being laid aside for many months, she partially recovered, and was removed to Stoke Newington towards the close of the same year, accompanied by her truly valued friend and attendant, Miss Mary Wayland, who had lived several years in the family, and who shared in many of the domestic trials and afflictions with which the family had been exercised. This lady was a truly pious christian; she was the grand-daughter of the venerable Booth, "whose praise is in all the churches," particularly as the author of "The Reign of Grace." It was providential for Elizabeth that she had such a companion in her affliction, who being greatly afflicted herself, could sympathize with her young charge, and who knew well how to apply suitable remarks, and to follow up those convictions, of which her young friend had now become the subject, by her prayers with her and for her, together with reading and exhortations; these, no doubt, were greatly

blessed to her soul. She could now cordially welcome the visits of christian friends, and ministers of different denominations, such as Mr. Freer and Mr. Brittain, who were at that time in the neighbourhood of the Old Artillery Ground, where she resided when at home. She was particularly pleased with a kind visit which she received from the Rev. Mr. Saunders, Rector of St. Ann's, and always considered it a high treat to hear him afterwards, whenever she could get so far. She said on one occasion about this time—'I feel thankful that I am the child of one who can pray with me.' Thus she began to know the value of prayer, and duly to appreciate every returning opportunity for that solemn purpose. That prayer was her delight, and that she enjoyed communion with God is evident, as we shall see in the extracts from her diary; she evidently breathed the spirit of prayer, and could say for herself—'No longer than a Christian prays, no longer can he be said to live.'

After continuing at Newington for about four months without any material improvement in her health, it was thought advisable to remove our Elizabeth again to Steward Street. This removal, though in no wise injurious to *her*, proved *fatal* to her invaluable friend, who had laboured under a tiresome asthmatic complaint for many years;—for coming to London in the month of February, when the weather was particularly unfavourable, she experienced a severe attack in the chest; so severe, that in less than a fortnight she calmly breathed her last. This was a severe stroke to Miss T. as she despaired of receiving those kind attentions from others which she had been so long accustomed to receive from her who was now no more.

And here the writer would gladly pay, would the

limits of this work permit, a *more* just tribute to the memory of one in whose heart he lived, and whose firm and unshaken attachment to him and his, continued to the end of life. There never existed a more kind and disinterested friend in any circle of life, than Miss Mary Wayland, a Christian indeed, in whose spirit there was no guile.

Shortly after this event Miss T. began to amend, although but a few days before the event just alluded to, her beloved friend had been watching by her bedside, night and day, expecting to see her expire. Oh how unsearchable are the ways of infinite wisdom. "One was taken and the other left"—left to drag through a tiresome pilgrimage of seven years longer in this vale of tears—yet left in mercy to become *evidently* the subject of distinguishing grace. That a work of grace was wrought in her soul while under this long affliction is evident from what she observes at the commencement of her diary, as also from the testimony of her departed friend. Her calling was evidently of God. The work was gradual, but sure, and she was enabled to manifest this, by giving herself unreservedly to God. She increased and grew in divine knowledge, and learned, and felt, and loved, the truth as it is in Jesus.

It will be seen from the extracts, that Miss T. had to pass, for the greater part of the remainder of her life, under the exercise of severe sufferings both of body and mind. Those who knew her, need not be informed of her bodily sufferings.—They know that the disease worked its way to death. She has done with pain, however, and has ceased to groan. But she suffered mentally likewise; she had to make her way to the kingdom of heaven, through many discouragements, and in some

sort suffered persecution, the lot of all, more or less, who will live godly in Christ Jesus; added to which, the labour of her thoughts and secret workings of her breast.

Every feature of the Christian character will be discovered in these extracts, for she commences her diary in the greatest simplicity, and it is carried on under the deepest humility and self-abasement. Here we discover deep conviction of sin, conscious unworthiness, often expressing herself thus—‘What a mercy I am out of hell!’ We see her frequently admiring the riches of divine grace as flowing from God’s everlasting love, by which she was separated from others; expressing too, her implicit faith and sole reliance on Christ’s finished work of righteousness for the justification of her soul before God; on his expiatory death for pardon and salvation, and on the work of the Spirit for meetness for the enjoyment of communion with God here as well as for heaven. Sometimes rejoicing in hope, at other times doubting and in darkness of soul, possessing a very tender conscience, which was wounded by the slightest deviation. The subject of many fears for her soul’s safety on account of sin to which she was feelingly alive, and of which she was most afraid—more afraid of offending God and of injuring his cause, than of death itself, as on one occasion she thus expresses herself—‘Than do any thing that would bring disgrace on religion, O Lord, rather let me die.’ We shall see likewise how greatly she delighted in the public services of the sanctuary, not that her religion was confined (as is the case with many) to public ordinances, for she much enjoyed secret communion with God, and highly prized a throne of grace. Her chamber, with her Bible and

Burder's Hymn Book, has often proved to be a Bethel to her soul. She loved communion also with the people of God, however poor, so that they were the Lord's; far from being ambitious of moving in higher circles, even when she might, it was with the poor of the flock she delighted to associate. Often too, when her health permitted, would she sacrifice time and opportunities of her own to the service of others, that she might do all she could for the name of Jesus. Hence her diligence and devotedness as a teacher in the Sunday-school, as a visitor of the sick, and as a distributor of tracts, in which department she took great delight. Such engagements constituted her sole pleasure on earth. Often has she left the family table, and the comfortable fire-side, to follow these pursuits, and that too in the face of inclement weather, by which her health was frequently impaired, so much so, that the result has often been many weeks of confinement on the bed of languishing and excruciating pain.

But that which we shall see chiefly, as characteristic of the state of her mind is, her being so familiar with the subject of death—looking and longing for it on every occasion, whether in sickness or in health. The subject of her own dissolution runs through the whole of her diary, sometimes contemplating it with fear, at other times with composure; yea, and sometimes even with extacy. Throughout her first illness she entertained no idea of recovery; on the contrary she felt delighted in the prospect of dissolution; and even when recovering from that illness, she says, 'I cannot praise my Saviour for his grace and goodness towards me as I ought, but I can look forward to the period when I shall.'—

'Then in a nobler sweeter song
 I'll sing thy power to save,
 When this poor lisping stammering tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.'

She adds on that occasion, 'I fear I shall be impatient of going to God and to glory; but I pray that I may be enabled to lie passive in the Lord's hands and know no will but his.' At another time she says, 'I have been led to pray that the Lord would cut short my days, but again I check myself, and I think I can say from the bottom of my heart, "All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come." 'Tis true I am weak, but I have no reason to think that I shall have more pain laid upon me than I shall be able to bear.'

'Tis painful at present,
 'Twill cease before long,
 And then, O how pleasant,
 The conqueror's song.'

These quotations are made for the sake of showing the views she had of death on occasion of her first illness, seven years since; but the same sentiments pervaded her mind through the remainder of her life.

It may further be observed, that so much was the thought of death on her mind, that whatever she transcribed from any work which she read, it was uniformly of this character, directly or indirectly bearing on the subject of death—such as Plato's Soliloquy, Blair on Beauty, and other similar pieces from various authors. Amongst her papers were found two bearing no date. One perhaps, is partly a transcript though filled up with her own views and experience at the time when written, which must have been about the latter part of her first illness; and from its bearing so

much the impress of her mind, as well as the use it may prove to others, it may not be amiss to insert it here.—‘I have passed but a few paces in the journey of life, without hearing the footsteps of death, and contemplating the exit of my fellow-travellers. Mementos of dissolution arrest the eye at every quarter, and evidently proclaim the uncertainty and transient duration of our existence here. But alas! how seldom is thoughtless man led to a right consideration of his state, or endued with proper solemnity to inquire, ‘am I prepared for the approaching hour of death, and the day of irreversible judgment?’ Yet these should be the frequent interrogations of our hearts as in the presence of the most high and omniscient God; for however we may trifle with time, death will not trifle with us: like an imperious tyrant, he respects neither youth nor age, beauty nor decrepitude, smiles nor frowns, but whets without partiality his scythe for all. Shall we not then seek to meet his attack with holy confidence through faith in Christ, and ardently importune that mercy and forgiveness which sets the soul at happy liberty, and gives the promise of interminable felicity beyond the grave. In order to this preparation, we must be convinced of our lost condition, and the inefficiency of our best endeavours to obtain reconciliation and acceptance with a holy God, whose favour we have forfeited and despised; sin must become hateful, and obedience to the divine command, our highest desire; we must be divested of all legal hopes, and be taught to cleave to the Lord with full purpose of heart. It is Jesus who has vanquished hell and put to flight the king of terrors. It is Jesus who possesses universal empire. It is the voice of Jesus which administers consolation in the moment of nature’s

dissolution, and transfuses inexpressible animation over the pallid countenance. It is the hand of Jesus which sustains the soul amidst the swellings of Jordan, and opens a way for his ransomed to pass over. It is the work and sacrifice of Jesus which must be our glory now, and the medium of our admission into the heavenly Jerusalem. And oh ! that I and all my youthful companions may embrace the Saviour as our portion and the lot of our inheritance, assured that in his favour only is life, and that in his presence we shall participate in the fulness of joy through the countless ages of eternity. Amen. Affliction comes, and who else have we to fly to for relief but to Jesus ; we should find no comfort in the play, no pleasure in gay company then, at least I find it so. I have reason to be thankful that I never was partial to theatrical amusements, nor is it likely that I should be now, especially under this affliction which is likely to terminate in death, and then on my dying bed what would become of me if I have not Jesus for my friend—I must experience nothing but misery for ever. What a solemn thought—but I hope and trust he will be my friend. He is *now* my support and I trust he will never leave me ; oh ! that he may take me in my youth before further sins come upon me. I desire to thank him for this affliction. I do not wish to recover, if it be his blessed will to take me to himself. My mind feels more happy when I am ill, than when I am in health ; but if it should please him to restore me to health again, I pray that I may never forget that I am mortal. When I lie on my bed at night and think how many there are at that moment returning from places of amusement—how much happier am I than they ; though racked with pain, I have pleasure

in holding communion with God, pleasure that will bear reflection, more solid than theirs; and what if I am exercised with pain, it is nothing when compared with the portion of the wicked hereafter—theirs will be interminable pain of body and soul—for God will say to them, “Depart ye cursed for I know you not.” This solemn thought is enough to make the infidel turn from his evil way, and say, “Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight and am no more worthy to be called thy child.”

The other paper to which allusion has been made is entitled ‘A Sonnet to Youth,’ and as it is but short, it is inserted here for the same reason as the above; and if these lines strike the mind of the reader in the same way as they have that of the writer, they will not be considered as taking an intrusive place in this work.

A SONNET TO YOUTH.¹

‘The morning dawns, and silent dusky night,
Abash’d at the bright radiance of her eye,
Shrinks from the scrutiny of piercing light,
While the dim shades of sullen darkness fly.

‘Yon glorious orb, shines with unclouded ray;
And sanguine hope beholds the tranquil scene,
As the fair promise of a fairer day,
Nor thinks that clouds and storms may intervene.

‘Thus in the morn of life, when joy’s bright sun
Beams on the youthful path with cheering light,
How few reflect, that ere their race is run,
That sun may set in sorrow’s darkest night.
Yet ah! fond youth, beware earth’s dazzling wiles,
Her suns will rise to set—and frowns succeed her smiles.

¹ Perhaps the reader is acquainted with the work from which these lines are extracted. The writer has never met with them.

The diary, to extracts of which the reader's attention is now called, commenced about the middle of the year 1823, after Miss T. had recovered a little from the first attack of the disease which had so long threatened her life. She prefaces this undertaking in a remarkable and sensible manner, especially when it is considered that she was not then seventeen years old. She says, 'My only object in writing this is, that I may thereby trace, and keep in mind the Lord's dealings with me; and that when I am in trouble or in doubt, under pain of body or in darkness of soul, I may look back upon my memorandums and see how the Lord has appeared for me in times past. And here I would erect my Ebenezer of praise for the many mercies the Lord has bestowed upon me from time to time. I desire to record them more particularly in future as they occur—not that it would be possible to record every mercy, for they are as innumerable as the sands upon the sea-shore. I know not how long or how short my journey through this vale of tears may be, or what trials and conflicts I may have to encounter; but the Lord has promised his support, he will sustain me, and not suffer my foot to slip out of the path of life.' She had just entered on the divine life, but we see that she possessed the faith of God's elect, and was enabled to exercise it on the promise of God respecting herself, as to her perseverance in the good way; but we shall see after this that she was not always able to bring her faith to act in this way—shewing, that He who is the Author of faith must support it, and enable the subject of it to use it too. She adds, 'I trust the Lord will sanctify this exercise, (that is, the keeping account of my experience) to the good of my soul, that on every review of it I may see if I

grow in grace or not, and in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ for myself.'

On the 8th of June, 1823, she thus commences, 'I am as a wonder unto many—but thou, O Lord, art my strong refuge. Let my mouth be filled with thy praise I will praise the name of God with a song, and will magnify him with thanksgiving. Although I am unable to praise him with my voice, yet I can with my heart. It is but with a stammering tongue at best that we praise, but oh ! what a mercy that I can look forward to the time and to the place, when and where, through the blood of my dear Saviour, I shall sing as I ought.

'Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.'

'This is the first sabbath in which I can say, I experience a little improvement in my health, after a long confinement under severe indisposition. I fear I shall be impatient to attend the ordinances of God's house ; but oh ! I trust I shall be enabled to lie passive in his hands, and desire to know no will but his. I may not continue long in this state of improvement—that is best known to him who ordereth all things after the counsel of his own will. I have no desire either way—only this I can say, that when I feel better, then I am anxious to glorify my God on earth and to serve him in his temple ; and when I feel worse, I desire to depart that I may glorify him in heaven ; but I hope to be enabled to trust his firm decrees. Lord, be with me this day, and assist me in my weakness. Amen.'

JUNE 9th. 'Oh ! return sweet messenger of rest.

and if there be any idol I have worshipped in preference to thee, help me to tear it from thy throne; for I desire to worship thee and thee only. Oh! how often have I worshipped other gods—not stone images, but the vanities of the world; unmindful of eternity as though I were to hold these things for ever, never to be taken from them, until the grace of God took possession of my heart. The dispensations of God's providence have been sanctified to me and have brought me nigh to himself. Oh! I trust that if I should recover from this affliction, my spiritual strength will likewise be renewed like the eagles'; and that I may prove to be a Christian indeed. Lord, enlighten my mind more than it now is before the day closes. Amen.'

JUNE 14. 'Oh! how shall I sufficiently praise my God for all his mercies. Yesterday was the first time of my getting up and being dressed after many months' confinement to the bed of languishing. I found myself much weaker than I thought I was, which lowered my spirits greatly, and this morning I feel the same; but methinks I hear it said, "thy strength shall be equal to thy day." Oh! what an indulgent parent have I to go to, when I go to God my heavenly Father. What a mercy when we go to him, we are sure not to be sent empty away. The Lord strengthen me this day.'

JUNE 15. 'Another sabbath day returned, and I am still here, but the Lord is with me, and his presence is better than all. It is all I ask—and though I am deprived of attending the courts of my God, which would be a great privilege to me, yet I can go to the throne of grace though confined to my chamber. Friends come and tell me what they have been hearing, and I can sometimes lay hold of a word, as though I myself. My aunt has been hearing Mr. Hyatt,

whose text was, "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him, and he will shew them his covenant." Ah ! let me ask—am I in the covenant—am I his chosen—and have I this evidence—the fear of the Lord planted in my heart? Lord, teach me the way thou choosest, and suffer me not to walk in the paths of sinners. I desire to keep thy covenant and thy testimonies ; but I know I do not as I ought. Lord, enable me to give better evidence that I am one of thy chosen—I trust I am ; but I want more of the light of thy countenance, for my mind is very dark. Lord, give me the enjoyment of thy presence through the remainder of this day.'

JUNE 18. 'I have been in great bodily pain, with nothing but the prospect of dissolution before me ; but through mercy, I have enjoyed something of that peace of mind which passeth all understanding. While under great pain, I found myself incapable of meditating on divine things ; oh what a difficult thing it must be for those who at the last hour, when groaning and struggling with the pain of death, have to begin to seek salvation, while nothing but eternal torments are before them. Who can conceive of their feelings ? —oh, what a mercy that it is not thus with me ?'

JUNE 22. 'I have felt but little of the Lord's presence for a day or two past. I often find trifles divert my mind from things of greater importance ; I have experienced the failure of the friendship of one who has professed great kindness in times past ; alas, there is no faithfulness in the creature. But oh my God, forsake me not ; pardon me, if in any way I have forsaken Thee, by looking too much to the creature—bring me near to thyself and to thy fold, and comfort me under this trial which preys so much upon my

spirits. O Lord, shew the light of thy countenance, for I feel very dark ; my earthly parent too is from home—but oh the presence of my heavenly Father will make amends for all. My Bible and a heart to pray is all I want; that dear book is my best companion, with the smiles of my Saviour, I want no more. It is better than life itself, for with him is the fountain of life, and in his light I shall see light. The Lord is removing the cloud, and I begin to feel happy in viewing the wonders of the cross. I have been reading the 37th Psalm, where David says—"I have been young and now am old, yet never saw I the righteous forsaken—He is ever merciful and lendeth, and his seed is blessed." O what a mercy is this to me, that I can say I am one of the Lord's chosen. It is a great comfort and a source of much happiness to my mind, that I am a child of prayer; that I might, like Mary, learn the better part. O Lord, give me grace to know thee more, that I may be less like Martha, and more like Mary—

'Engage this roving, treacherous heart,
Great God, to choose the better part—
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.'

JUNE 29. "Let the words of my mouth, and the meditations of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my Strength and my Redeemer." 'The Lord has been very gracious to me, the most unworthy; he has not despised the affliction of the afflicted; when I cried, then he heard me. Though I have not enjoyed much of the Spirit during the past week, yet, when I have prayed, the Lord has answered me. I have much cause to pray, and I find the throne of grace the best resource to which I can fly under every trial and temptation. I am sorry that I must leave off writing, the

pain I feel is so excruciating, that I scarcely know what I am doing ; but the Lord will enable me to meditate on his word and I shall find comfort.'

JULY 10. 'I am deprived of another Friend in Christ, by the hand of death, an old servant of the Gospel.¹ He little thought a few months ago that he would be the first ; but he is gone before me, to that place which I am looking forward soon to inhabit, through the blood of my dear Saviour. I have had many sweet conversations with that dear servant of God, now no more ; but although I am deprived of that privilege, I can still hold communion with God. O Lord, draw me near to thyself with the cords of love, and make up for this bereavement which I have sustained by giving me the enjoyment of thy presence, "for thou art the same and thy years fail not."'

JULY 20. 'I am troubled, I am bowed down greatly, I go mourning all the day long ; but I think the Lord is returning in mercy to me once more ; oh what a happy feeling, after having walked in darkness, to see the light return. When I have been travelling at night my heart has glowed within me at the distant view of the light from some lonely cottage, and have longed to arrive at the spot ; just so it has been with me spiritually, when I have been in darkness of soul, without the light of God's countenance, when I can perceive his returning smiles. Oh that I could always enjoy the coming light, and know nothing of its departure ; but alas it is not so in Christian experience, by reason of sin within. Knowing something however of the absence of the Lord, I am led the more to value

¹ The Rev. Mr. Freer, of Cumberland Street, who frequently visited her in her affliction.

his returning presence when I have the sensible enjoyment of it. Oh what love is shewn towards me who have sinned so much against the Lord; how ought I to give up my life, my all to him, to count all things but lost to win Christ, to have more of his Spirit, and to have more of his love shed abroad in my heart. O Lord, be with me this night and forsake me not in my trouble.'

JULY 27. 'I have been up to the house of the Lord for the first time since July in the last year; oh with what joy and gladness did I hear them say—"Let us go up to the house of the Lord." I heard Mr. Britain this morning, who frequently visited me when I was to his, and to all human appearance on the verge of the grave. I have to day been fed as with manna, it was an acceptable word, the text was very appropriate to my case, Psalm xxx. 4, 5. "Sing unto the Lord, O ye saints of his, and give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness; for his anger endureth but a moment, in his favour is life, weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." David was not content to praise God himself, but calls upon others to unite with him. So the believer, when he has received any particular favour, ought to praise God; he does not forget to pray when he is in trouble; even a wicked man, when struggling in the bed of death, will cast a longing look towards heaven, but he cannot praise God. It is the believer only who has the subject for praise; and as we do not forget to pray, so we ought not to forget to praise; oh how much have I to praise him for this day, who has given me the returning of the morning.'

g. 3. 'I had the opportunity this day of attending ordinance of the Lord's supper—a great privi-

lege this to one so unworthy as myself. I found it a delightful service after such a long confinement, to be permitted to take the cup of salvation, and to call on the name of the Lord. It was at Wheler Chapel, Spital-square, where I heard Mr. Pratt. The text was from Luke xxii. 31, 32. I found this discourse very appropriate to my experience, Mr. P. began by saying — ‘How differently a Christian feels under trials and afflictions from the man of the world.’ The Christian knows it is the Lord’s hand that does it, his Saviour prays for him; the greatest difficulty the Christian labours under in affliction is, not merely to bear it, but to bear it like a Christian. When the Christian’s faith would fail, the Lord prays as he did for Peter, that his faith fail not. Our Lord knew what trial Peter had to go through. though Peter could not credit it, therefore Christ prayed for him. We know that what Christ did for his disciples on earth, he is now doing for his people in heaven, for he ever lives to make intercession for them. He prayed before the trouble came on Peter, so he does now for his people; we know not what we shall have to encounter, it is well we do not, for if we did, perhaps we should be led to despair.’

AUG. 10. ‘I am now alone, my friends are gone to the house of God, whilst I am deprived of the opportunity of enjoying that privilege, owing to the weather and to indisposition. But why do I say I am alone, when the Lord is with me, and I have my Bible, wherein I see what the Lord has to say concerning me. I have the same throne of grace to resort unto as the thousands have who are now worshipping in the public assemblies. I can adopt those lines for myself which I have somewhere met with, and say—

' Give me my Bible in my hand,
A heart to read and understand,
And faith to trust my God.
I'll sit at home from day to day
And ask no company to stay,
Nor wish to rove abroad.'

This has been my comfort under my long affliction. Oh that I could feel more delight in God's word than I do, that when I read it might sink more deeply in my heart than ever—Lord, my desire is before thee.'

AUG. 23. 'This is the first opportunity I have of noting down how merciful and gracious the Lord has been to me, during my absence from home. O Lord, how is it that thou regardest the prayer of such an unworthy creature,—a worm risen from the earth. Thou hast protected me from every evil to which I have been exposed in the place where I have been.¹ There was nothing to be met with, but what the world calls amusement, but I have been mercifully kept from entering into it. It is grace only which has kept me; I can sing with the poet—

' Oh to grace, how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be.
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.'

AUG. 31. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits. The Lord has again raised me up from a bed of suffering, to praise him; though I can never sufficiently praise him for all his mercies towards me. The Lord has been very gracious to me, though I have not so sensibly enjoyed his presence as I could

¹ Margate is the place here alluded to, to which she was advised by her medical attendant to go, but she received no benefit; for on her return she was again laid aside for several days.

have wished. I am not sufficiently restored so as to be able to attend the means of grace, but the Lord is not confined to time or place; if it were so, what would the afflicted do! But he loves his afflicted children, and has compassion on them, and visits them in the chambers of affliction. "For as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." My Father is gone to preach in a very dark village, where the people seldom or never attend the means. But, O Lord, look down upon them, and visit them this day, may the word preached be blessed and sanctified, so that it may bring forth fruit abundantly.'

SEPT. 14. 'The last Sabbath was the first that I had the opportunity of attending the early Lecture: the text was—"One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after, that I may dwell in the house of the Lord," &c. Had the Minister known my case, on this occasion, he could not have entered more deeply into my feelings; I had long desired the opportunity of holding communion with God in his house, there is nothing I desire so much; but oh how much I have to regret, that when at the throne of grace I have so many temporal things pressing upon me, and so little of spirituality of mind; oh let me be less concerned for temporal and more for spiritual things, that my communion with God may be more holy; and when in his house, I may not behold vanity, but more of the beauty of my Saviour, as streaming forth from his hands and his side; in him is love unfailing, and beauty unfading, which the unbeliever sees not and cares not for. I am about to take a short journey and be absent from home for a few days. O Lord, go with me, and suffer not my foot to slip, hold thou me up, if exposed to temptation, and I shall be safe, and may

I grow more and more in grace, and in the knowledge of thee, O Lord.'

SEPT. 21. 'Another Sabbath is drawing to a close ; I have had but one opportunity to-day of attending the preaching of the word, owing to the unfavourable state of the weather ; but the Lord can bless the word in meditation. Lord, enlighten my mind, and give me to behold the wonders in thy word, and by thy holy Spirit's divine teaching enable me to understand it. The Lord has brought me through a heavy trial in the past week. I sometimes am led to think, owing to my great unworthiness, that my prayers never reach heaven ; but surely they have been answered, and therefore they must have been heard. Oh how I long for more communion with God, but how can such a sinner as I expect it ; I who am but a worm, less than a worm, and nothing.'

OCT. 23. 'The Lord's mercies have been inexpressibly great towards me for some time past, I have been blessed with his presence, and though I have passed under many severe trials, I have enjoyed a little heaven within me. Providence seems to be working strangely with me, but I know it is all right, I should not complain at a few difficulties to obtain a fortune perhaps, or an estate ; why then should I faint under trials which are sent by God in covenant love, to work out a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. There is an estate reserved in heaven—a city built by God—a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens,—there is my treasure—there let my heart be also.'

OCT. 26. 'This is the Sabbath in which I so much delight, but to day I am in darkness. O Lord, search thou my heart, and try my reins, Thou wilt find much

evil, but thou canst subdue my sins; I am now under great temptation from the world without, and from Satan and my own evil heart within; without thy grace, O Lord, I shall fall; but O keep me from sliding as well as from falling, that I may walk before thee in the light of the living.'

OCT. 29. 'Oh how sweet is the presence of the Lord, dearer than life itself; the Lord has spoken peace to my troubled breast, I was under great fear lest the tempter should gain the victory, but the Lord said—"fear not, for I am with thee." 'Behind a frowning providence he hid his smiling face,' but now that he smiles I can glory in tribulation for Christ's sake. I now enjoy peaceful moments, and desire to enter into covenant with God, not to be broken, not to be forgotten.'

NOV. 2. 'This is the first Sabbath in the month, but I am labouring under such a deep sense of sin and unworthiness, that I dare not go to the table of the Lord; oh that my head were waters, and my eyes fountains of tears, I would weep day and night for my sins. But thou hast shown me that nothing but thy blood, O Jesus, can cleanse me or soften my hard heart. Thou callest sinners to repentance; I am a sinner, and I think I can say with one of old, "I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." Heard Mr. Brittain this morning, upon the good Shepherd: It is sweet to hear of Jesus under the character of a Shepherd, especially as laying down his life for his sheep, oh let me ask my own heart,—am I one of his sheep—one for whom he died? I sometimes hope I am, but alas I am a wandering one; oh let me not stray from thy fold, blessed Lord, but hasten the time when I shall be with thy sheep in the fold of heaven,

where there will be no danger of straying, but where I shall follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth.'

Nov. 4. 'O Lord, why dost thou condescend to visit such an unworthy creature; for thou frequently vouchsafest the visits of thy love to my poor soul. O make me to be the recipient of thy mercy, and do thou occupy the chief place in my heart. Let me not be allured by any earthly object. My heart now feels fixed towards heaven. There is the prize at which I aim, a blood-bought, free reward. Yes, I am so fully persuaded of the pleasure that awaits me in heaven, that I feel anxious to be gone.'

Dec. 6. 'I am confined to the house, the weather being unfavourable to the disease under which I labour. I have, during the last month, been visiting a friend, the mother of a family, and I trust a real Christian. She is evidently consuming away very fast—the place which now knows her, will shortly know her no more! What a distressing sight, to see a mother torn from the bosom of her family—a tender mother—a fond wife—a friend to the needy in distress! but I forbear—let me not repine or reflect upon the Lord's dealings. He is a father to the fatherless, and a friend to the friendless; O Lord, let these considerations afford comfort to the family, and to me likewise, for she has been a friend indeed to me. But I know that I have a friend who will never be removed by death, he regards the petitions of every poor, guilty, and repenting sinner: he is a precious Saviour—I have found him so—and trust I shall find him so even to the end'—"As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."

MARCH 27, 1824. 'With pleasure I resume the delightful exercise of committing to paper my expe-

rience of the Lord's mercies, and of erecting another Ebenezer of praise, after being prevented from so doing for more than three months; I have passed through a heavy affliction—many sleepless nights, without one ray of comfort—my thoughts, running upon the vanities of the world, with difficulty called in; in fact, I have been in a most distracted state of mind,—but the Lord has had mercy—he has drawn me up out of the horrible pit of despair, and out of the miry clay of misery, and set my feet upon a rock—on a firm rock—the ‘rock of ages cleft for me,’ I trust, from whence cometh my salvation. I desire to renew my covenant with God, and to set the Lord always before me, ever looking to Jesus who leads his people in a right way to a city of habitation. Oh, what mercy the Lord has shewn to me, an unworthy creature: he is full of loving-kindness and tender mercy. He hath said “He will not break the bruised reed—nor quench the smoking flax:” he will make my path to shine brighter unto the perfect day. O Lord, take me under thy care; melt this heart of stone with thy love; wean my affections from this world, and fix them on thyself alone for evermore.’

APRIL 19. ‘Praise the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits, who has renewed thy strength like the eagle’s. Oh, why am I so unmindful of his goodness; why this coldness; why this wandering; oh, the sinfulness of my heart! it is so sinful, that I am led to doubt whether I am a child of God or not—again, I think if I were not born of God, I should not feel sin to be hateful, but should take pleasure in indulging in it. I feel my heart like a stone; but I was much encouraged by a friend the other day, who asked, Can a stone feel? That favorite hymn of Newton’s

‘Tis a point I long to know, &c.’

well expresses the feelings of my mind, and is the language of my heart. I ask myself in the language of that hymn—

‘ Could I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhor’d;
Find at times the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord ?’

‘ Lord, decide the doubtful case. Lord, help me to gird up my loins, and live close unto thee in prayer. O Lord, wash me thoroughly from my iniquities, and cleanse me from my sin.’

APRIL 25. ‘ Welcome sweet day of rest,—welcome to this reviving breast.’ Oh, what a privilege is the Sabbath-day ! How many there are in heathen countries who know nothing of these happy days, and many heathens at home who regard them not ! How many Christians too are confined from some cause, and are deprived of the enjoyment of the Sabbath ! Many who live in villages where the Gospel is not preached for many miles round : yet I am surrounded with means. Gospel ministers here and there and in every corner : a godly parent too. Oh, how unworthy am I to be thus privileged ! I have every encouragement. Oh, how many would prize my privileges much more than I do. I am now confined to my room ; it is retirement ; but even here I find it difficult to shut out the world : sin lies lurking within where’er I am. I have not yet done with the body of sin and death ; but my Saviour will by and by deliver me, and land me safely on the shore of eternal peace—delightful hope ! the hope of grace, to me who am so unworthy. I have this hope, by virtue of that precious blood which was shed on Calvary’s mount : this good hope, through grace, of being saved from eternal death. Satan with his temptation tries

hard to deprive me of this hope, but in vain. Temptations are painful at present; but (as the poet speaks)

‘ They will cease before long,
And then, oh how pleasant the conqueror’s song.’

MAY 2. ‘ I have just left the throne of grace, and have experienced much of the divine presence. I have lately been much harassed by Satan, but I have read this morning the first chapter of the first Epistle to Peter, and there I find that it is for the trial of my faith—but my faith is weak; I am slow to believe. I am led to inquire: am I one of God’s elect, according to his fore-knowledge, as I have just been reading: but I can only say with the man in the gospel, “One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see.” O Lord, open thou mine eyes that I may see clearly the things concerning salvation, and increase the graces of thy Holy Spirit within me. I am confined to the house another Sabbath through the unfavourable state of the weather. I feel somewhat disappointed, but I must not go, my friends judge that it would be imprudent: I submit, though with reluctance. O Lord, enable me to resign, and may I, though in private, unite in spirit with thy saints who are assembled in the sanctuary.’

MAY 3. ‘ How sweet the moments of prayer and meditation ! The business of the day is over, and evening is ushered in as the Christian’s happy time of communion with God. Oh, that my mind were free from wandering thoughts: but so it is, while in the body, the spirit is too much affected by outward things. My mind has been somewhat unhinged by the disordered temper of one with whom I have to do: this is frequently the cause of many unhappy moments to me. Perhaps my mind is too susceptible of feeling any

manifestation of unkindness, especially when it comes from one from whom I ought not to receive it. Tears frequently flow from mine eyes on this account; but should I weep under such trials, which are but for a moment. Oh, that I were as ready to weep for my sins as for these comparatively light afflictions. I feel my heart too hard, and not sufficiently affected with heavenly things. If the Lord were as indifferent towards me as I often feel towards him, what would become of me; but he is ever watching over my path, and in his mercy upholdeth me. Though trials and troubles assail me, yet the Lord hath not taken his mercy from me: he has blessed me with a kind parent, which, in some respects, makes up for the unkindness of others. But most of all, the Lord himself is my covenant Father, who will not suffer any one to do me real harm. He has also said concerning his covenant children, "whoso toucheth you, toucheth the apple of mine eye."

MAY 9. 'Another week has passed, and I am still here, the monument of mercy. The Lord has not forgotten to be gracious. Oh, that I were more mindful of the favours I receive from him; but I still have to mourn over a wandering heart. Oh, when shall I be free from the evil of sin, and be free to enter on devotional exercises without the interruption of Satan and the world. Oh that I could say, now at the close of the day, sin has not existed in my heart; but this cannot be while I remain in this frail tabernacle. I can, however, call upon my soul at this moment, to bless God and to be mindful of his benefits; for he has fed me as with marrow and fatness. I have been able to attend the courts of the Lord to day, for which I have longed, yea, I may say, even fainted. I have found the word very profitable to my soul; may the Lord cause it to

sink deep into my heart, that I may thereby grow in grace, and in the knowledge of the truth, as it is in Jesus Christ. Oh, may I be enabled to say continually in the language of the text of this morning, "I delight in the law of God after the inward man:" but alas! I am compelled to adopt the following language—"I find another law in my members warring against the law of my mind." The whole service of this morning was very appropriate to my experience: I could very readily join the minister in the devotional part of the service, especially when Mr. Brittain prayed, that our affections might be drawn from the world, and fixed in devotion towards heaven. I need to pray this prayer every day, as I find my thoughts and affections too prone to wander from heavenly things. O Lord, preserve me through the silent hours, and let me rest beneath thy smiles. The clock has struck one: I must retire.'

MAY 16. 'Another Sabbath is drawing to a close; another week nearer to my journey's end, and to the enjoyment of that Sabbath which shall never end. I have been privileged with the opportunity of attending the courts of the Lord this day: my heart wandered much at the first, but the Lord in mercy met with me, and turned my vagrant thoughts heavenward. Mr. Brittain preached on a delightful subject to-day "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, &c." Oh, may this love ever be the object of my admiration. Wondrous love, that I should be called a child of God. What was there in me, that I should participate in such grace. There was no holiness in me; by nature I was full of wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores—just description of man's moral condition—but Christ has cleansed me by his blood, and by his stripes I am healed: he hath adorned me

soul with his righteousness, by imputing it unto me. O Lord, let me be wholly for thyself; pour out thy spirit upon me, let me be wholly devoted to thy service; may I be crucified to the world, and the world to me. Lord, command thy blessing on the word to my soul, and to all that have heard it this day.' Amen.

JUNE 13. 'I have had some sweet views of Jesus this morning. I have beheld him as my Saviour and my God. I have been much exercised for some time past, having been from home. What pity that earthly friends are not all Christian friends; one cannot associate with some, without feeling oneself in the world. This makes me wretched when such is the case, for I have enough to do with such a heart as mine under the best of circumstances. O Lord, remember me with the favour thou bearest to thy people: shine upon my soul, and give me the enjoyment of that peace which passeth all understanding. I am now going to the courts of the house of the Lord; may I meet with him there; may the word be sanctified to the good of my soul: may He speak peace to my troubled conscience, and may I henceforth bring forth fruit to the praise and glory of God.'

JUNE 16. 'Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt well with thee. I had the privilege last night of attending the prayer-meeting, at which I found much comfort. The minister gave an exhortation, and I am sure if he had known that such a one as I had been there, he could not have chosen a subject more appropriate than the one he introduced. He spoke of the backslidings of the people of God; but the Lord does not permit his people finally to fall. David and Peter did not fall finally; they were restored; but who on that account would wish to do as they did, to suffer as they did, in dishonouring God and the Saviour; rather

they are beacons to warn us of the danger of presumptuously sinning on the one hand, and of discountenancing despair on the other. Alas! how often have I backslidden in heart: what a mercy I am not consumed! When sensible of it, I can never rest till the Lord shine upon my soul with his reconciled countenance again, and thus restore to me the joy of his salvation. The Lord has dealt graciously with me in this respect, he has not suffered me to fall, although I have many times stood on slippery places. O Lord, keep me from falling, and preserve me to thy everlasting kingdom. Amen.'

JULY 5. 'Rejoice in the Lord, O my soul, for he hath redeemed thee. I have been for some time past on the borders of despair, as though Satan was hurrying me on to perdition. I have heard a sermon on hypocrisy, and have been led to fear that I should be found to be a hypocrite at last. Lord, search me! save me also from this present evil world: let my conversation be as becometh the Gospel. I have been labouring too under much indisposition of body, not but that I can bear this if I have the smiles of my Lord. I trust he has done something in me; now and then I am revived by being enabled to believe in Jesus as my Saviour, and hope to see his face in glory, and never, never sin. Lord, hasten the period, and help me to wait patiently for it. Yesterday I had the privilege of twice attending the means of grace, which I have enjoyed much more than I have for some time past. The chapel I attended yesterday I think I could make my spiritual home: perhaps the Lord has designed it for me. I trust he will direct me somewhere, that I may be united with his people in fellowship here on earth, with whom I hope to live in heaven hereafter. The subject was redemption and the forgiveness of sins. What a mercy! though a

scorer, yet forgiven all trespasses; though full of sin and debility, yet washed and cleansed from all sin, and covered with a spotless robe: thanks be to God for the blood and righteousness of Christ! Oh, that I may be found blameless at the last day through these. O Lord, shorten the delaying days, and hasten the time when I shall throw off this sinful nature; then shall I praise thee without interruption. But while I am yet in the world, give me faith and patience to fight the good fight of faith, and at length to lay hold on eternal life.'

JULY 25. 'I am once more brought out of the furnace of affliction; may I prove to be as gold purified in the fire. The Lord is the refiner, may I find him such to me. This world is a rugged path, but I must pass through it: there are many temptations, but I must encounter them. O Lord, thou must keep me, or I shall fall; I watch, but in vain, unless thou keep my heart, for I feel it is not to be trusted; it is a heart of unbelief prone to wander. I have been labouring under a sore temptation, namely, to think much of my own righteousness. Satan has suggested when I have been at prayer, that God was pleased with me because I said so much; whereas the father of lies ought to know, that we are not heard for our much speaking, for the Lord looketh not at the words of the mouth, but at the desire of the heart; I do pray most earnestly that I may be delivered from this temptation. Self-righteousness indeed: self-sinfulness, if you please! I have enough of this, but of the other I have none, except what the prophet termed "filthy rags." I have a desire to engage in prayer this evening with a . . . d, with whom I have to sleep, but I am [should be tempted to think that I have

done such wonders ; but it shall be my earnest prayer this day, that I may be stripped of all self-righteousness and self-sufficiency, for I am well convinced that I shall find acceptance only through the merits and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ.'

JULY 28. 'Have enjoyed much peace and comfort since Sunday last. I was enabled to surmount the difficulty of going to prayer with my young friend : I feared lest I should be lifted up ; on the contrary, I trust I was greatly humbled. During prayer, my friend wept greatly ; oh, that they were penitential tears, glad should I be to see my young friend embrace the Gospel ; may the Lord draw her to himself, and bring her to the foot of the cross. I attended a prayer-meeting last evening with two pious young women. I found much comfort in their conversation, the savour of which I trust will continue with me, and tend to keep my thoughts from the world.'

AUGUST 1. 'I have enjoyed a refreshing season at the Lord's table this day. The sermon on "I am the bread of life," was very appropriate. I have found the body and blood of Christ to be meat and drink indeed ; at least, I think so. I desire to believe, to accept Christ ; to receive him into my heart by faith, trusting that I have eternal life through his death, and that I shall not come into condemnation. I desire that my soul may be nourished and strengthened by this heavenly food. It is a soul-refreshing thought, that Christ gave himself for me, that he shed his blood for me. I feel Jesus to be increasingly precious : I trust it is not presumption in me to hope thus. These considerations refresh my drooping spirits : may I ever remember the love of my dying Saviour : may I ~~fe~~ on him, and live for evermore.

AUGUST 26. ' Oh, how manifold are the Lord's mercies to me a sinful worm. I have again had the afflicting hand of God upon me, and have been confined to my room many days. My soul too has been confined and beset by Satan, who has been trying to shut me up in the dark ; but, blessed be God, within these two or three days, I have enjoyed a little light. Lord, keep me close unto prayer, supply me with the oil of thy grace, and let me not be, like the foolish virgins, sleeping when I should be awake. I feel desirous of departing that I may be with thee, and sin no more : Lord, help me to wait thy time. I have much opportunity for meditation and prayer, being alone in the house, but I have still with me this sinful unbelieving heart, the law of my members warring against the law of my mind, and yet I think I have a stronger desire after Christ than ever, and count all things as nothing, that I may win Christ and be found in him. Oh, to be found in Christ in that day when his jewels are to be made up, and the number of the redeemed collected together. Draw me, sweet Saviour, and I shall run after thee, be near unto me, and leave me not for a moment, or I shall be down and never be able to rise. Oh let me know that thou art continually with me. I have had those sweet words of Jesus much upon my mind, " I go to prepare a place for you : " Lord, come and prepare me for it. Thou hast fulfilled this promise to those who first received it from thy lips, and they are now in possession of those mansions, and of the crowns of glory that fade not away. May I also

' Believe thou hast prepar'd,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me.'

I have this day been applying leeches to my side, my lameness is much better. The Lord greatly supported me under it, for I had no human being to assist me ; but I found the Lord all-sufficient for me, " He is a very present help in time of trouble." My father is gone to Woodford-bridge, to see my brother who is indisposed ; perhaps I shall be bereaved of him. O Lord, enable me to say—" not my will, but thine be done." If thou takest him to thyself, he will be safe, and free from all those snares by which he might be entangled should he live ; but Lord, if thou hast appointed to him yet many years, may he live to thy glory ; may he be a faithful follower of Christ ; may he be endued with knowledge, that he may become a teacher of others, and that sinners may be converted unto thee. Suffer him not to be an idle labourer in thy vineyard, shouldest thou have ordained it in thy good providence to bring him into it. I have been reading the Parable on the wedding garment. Lord, never let me sit down to thy table on earth, without the garment of thine own providing, seeing I can never sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and with all the redeemed in thy kingdom without this robe. O Lord, clothe me with this garment this night. O take ' the robe my Saviour wrought,' and cast it all around, ' that I may find acceptance with thee.'

AUG. 28. ' I have just left the throne of grace, where I have had much communion with God ; just at this moment, these words sweetly occur to my mind, " Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you, &c. ;" they seemed to come in answer to prayer, for through the greater part of the day, I was in a very dark and desponding state of mind, but now light and

comfort and gladness break in upon me ; oh what do those lose who seldom or never pray. The Christian has every encouragement to pray—"Call upon me," says God, "in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." So I, at the present moment, am delivered from my fears, and in the comfortable possession of peace. And now let me ask myself, shall I be an inhabitant of those heavenly mansions which Christ speaks of in connexion with the gift of peace, have I a title ? I have been thinking of that verse in Dr. Watts—

'When I can read my title clear,
To mansions in the skies,' &c.

'O Lord, strengthen my faith, and enable me to make my calling and election sure,'

'For 'tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought,
Do I love the Lord or no,
Am I his, or am I not ?'

Oh if I have never loved before, Lord, help me now to love thee ; thou knowest I desire to love thee.

'I am now closing another week ; oh ! when I look back and trace the hand of the Lord towards me, I am lost in wonder ; my sins which are numberless, are not visited according to my deserts, but mercies more numerous than they, and which are renewed every morning, are my portion. Why such love to such an unworthy creature, enjoying as I do the hope of the Gospel, and the day of grace, instead of being where hope never comes. I am still in the land of the living, a monument of mercy, and an object of the divine regard, at least I think so. I purpose, God willing, to

attend the means to-morrow. It is a month since I had a Sabbath opportunity in the house of God ; I long to be there, and I trust I shall find it profitable to attend. May much good be done by the labours of the Ministers of Christ on the ensuing Sabbath. My father is going to preach likewise, may the Lord go with him, and give him a portion to deal out to others ; I trust that those who hear, will receive the gracious invitations of the gospel with gladness, and flee to the city of refuge that will be set before them.'

AUG. 29. ' I have had the privilege of attending the house of God, according to my desire this day. I was less comfortable than I should have been, owing to my being so late at the service. The text was — " There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus," &c. And is there no condemnation to me ; am I in Christ as in the city of refuge ? am I walking after the Spirit ? I can say, I desire to cleave to Christ as my refuge, to know his name which is above every name, the saving knowledge of which is better than all riches.

' I expect to go from home in a day or two, but I have some dread of it lest I should be exposed to temptation ; here I am alone, away from the world, and free from outward interruption at least, but I have the same wandering heart, let me be where I may, at home or abroad, alone, or in company,—a heart which wanders from thing to thing, like the bird that hops from bush to bush and from bough to bough ; but, O Lord, do thou attract my heart wholly to thyself.'

AUG. 30. ' I was somewhat low in spirits this morning, but am raised a little this evening, having

enjoyed communion with God in prayer. I think I can now say with the Apostle, "I know in whom I have believed, and that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." I have committed my soul to him, and he will not suffer it to be lost, for he will carry on and complete the work he has begun. I have been reading the Parable of the Ten Virgins; may I be found among the wise with the oil of grace in my heart. O Lord, suffer not my lamp to go out, but may I be ready for that day, when thou shalt come to be glorified in thy saints, and admired in all them that believe.'

AUG. 31. 'I seemed to be upon the mount this morning, enjoying the presence of my Lord. I felt as though I should never be moved, and my soul never droop again, and as if the Lord would never hide his face from me, nor I turn aside from him; but a young friend, who drinks too deeply into the spirit of the word, called this afternoon, and entered into trifling conversation, such in which I could have cordially united, in times past; but now I could have no delight, but felt quite out of my element, for I am never so happy as when in the company of the godly, and when the conversation is on heaven and on heavenly things. But vain and flighty conversation has its influence, as I found it in this case. Confined as I am so much by indisposition, I have not yet had the opportunity of extending my religious acquaintance:—I have at present but one young friend with whom I can converse, who possesses a kindred spirit. But I have a Friend above, who is better than all earthly friends, with whom I can hold communion, and sweet converse; oh that I embraced opportunities more frequently than I do, of holding communion with him! As a Chris-

tian friend once said to me, 'there is more to be learned and enjoyed in one hour's communion with God, than in many days with Christian friends.' Then it is, that the Lord communicates comfort and consolation, and makes wise to salvation by the teachings of his Holy Spirit. O Lord, suffer me not to neglect this great privilege, enable me to embrace every opportunity, and then, when thou hast me before thee, prove me and try me, and see if there be any evil way in me, any besetting sin, and lead me in the way everlasting, O take away this stony heart, and give me a heart of flesh.'

SEPT. 5. 'Another Sabbath has returned; how manifold have the mercies of the Lord been towards me these last few days. I have been enabled to see the Lord's hand moving right in all that concerns me; and I trust I shall be enabled to see this still more. I will now wait upon the Lord in his house of prayer; may I have something suited to my case, not only a word of comfort, but a word of reproof likewise; for I want to have my temper more subdued, and more under the influence of the religion of Jesus; I feel the nervous state of my constitution has too much influence, so as to produce irritability. Lord, strengthen me, and bring me wholly to the obedience of Christ; may I have to refer to this day and say, it was good for me that I waited upon God. Lord, visit me in thy house, and manifest thyself unto me, as thou dost not unto the world.'

SEPT. 7. 'Oh when shall I be delivered from this body of sin and death; sin within, and sin without, and Satan tempting me on every hand. Oh what cause have I to fear, lest I should fall into some snare. I fear I stand parleying too long with the Tempter, before I

go to the Saviour, whereas I ought to go immediately, when I find the Tempter drawing near. I find also that it will not do to put off the armour; I shall have need of that at all times, for my own strength is perfect weakness. I am now so beset that I am almost driven to despair. I wonder too that the Lord has so much patience with me, and bears with me so long. I may well be scourged and chastised; but oh if these chastisements do but bring me nearer to God, if they do but tend to the increase of the Saviour's graces in my soul, to bear more of his image, and to transform me more into his likeness; then I will welcome the rod, I will willingly bear it; I shall see that it is all right, and that afflictions are blessings in disguise. O Lord, help me to see the end thou hast in view, by thy dispensations towards me; let me look upon affliction as the chastisement of a kind parent. Oh, I am sure when I reach the heavenly land, I shall see that it was all necessary, not one pain too much; oh, that such a vile sinner as I should receive so much love and favour, I am lost in the contemplation of it; oh my God, guide me safely through this barren land, however rough the path, so that I reach the heavenly Canaan at last; under thy guidance I shall be safe—be thou near to me continually, O Lord.'

SEPT. 19. 'I have still to complain how frequently my treacherous heart wanders from the object I love, my Saviour and my God. I attended a prayer-meeting one evening last week with a pious friend, was much comforted under the address which the Minister gave, from these words—"If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father," &c. 'Tis well that it is so, or how should I obtain forgiveness for all the backslidings of my heart, "where sin abounds, grace

superabounds"—but far be it from me to sin because of this; oh no, sin is too much my plague and my pain, that I should delight in it.

‘ My friend spoke to the Deacon on this occasion, concerning my becoming a member of the Church, and on Thursday I had an interview with the Minister. I feel satisfied that I am directed to this place, to join with the people with whom my mother used to worship. But oh how unworthy I am of so great a privilege! I am now going to this house of prayer, I feel much hardness of heart; may the sun of righteousness shine upon me, and melt my heart and shed abroad the love of God therein, subdue indwelling sin, and root it out for ever.’

SEPT. 20. ‘ Have felt a little more invigorated this evening than on some occasions; oh what a privilege is prayer, to have intercourse with my Father who is in heaven, who is so kind and so indulgent, that he withholds no good thing from his people. My unbelieving heart is often led to doubt whether my prayer ever arises to heaven, I know it cannot unless it is presented by the Divine Intercessor, who ever lives to plead the merits of his blood and righteousness in the behalf of his people; so I doubt when my prayer is not immediately answered, but my duty is to wait as well as to pray for the salvation of God. The subject on which I heard the Minister yesterday was—“ The horror of great darkness which fell on the mind of Abraham ”—Abraham seems to have felt a little despair concerning the fulfilment of God’s promise. Thus I have found it, when a promise has been brought before me, which I have expected to have had fulfilled in my experience immediately; how unbelief has arisen in my mind, and I have even been led to doubt the

reality of a particular providence. Often too, I have prayed for that, which had it been answered in kind, might have brought ruin and destruction upon me. The Minister said yesterday, that twelve months ago, he prayed for a certain something, and now (though not until the other day,) he was fully persuaded that had he obtained his request, it would not have been for his good, but quite the reverse; and I have found this to be the case in the experience both of my parent and myself this day. I trust the subject of yesterday will not be soon erased from my mind, but will form a subject for meditation for a great while to come.'

SEPT. 23. 'I have this day been labouring much under the fear of death, fearful lest I should be found graceless. I felt my mind rather dark, when first I drew near to the throne of Grace, but before I left was comforted; these delightful words came upon my mind before I rose from my knees,—“Fear not, for I am with thee, thou art mine, my child, and I will be thy Father and thy God.” Oh, my soul is this self-delusion, or is it indeed the gracious communication of the Spirit of God. I need such a promise at such a time as this; and not the promise only, but the fulfilment of it in my experience; but ah, if the promise is made, it will surely be fulfilled, “God cannot deny himself.” O Lord, deliver me from delusion, and be thou to me what thou hast spoken, and help me to wait for thee.'

SEPT. 24. 'I have felt great desire to day, that the earthly house of my tabernacle may soon be dissolved; perhaps the happy hour is not far distant, when my soul shall be required, perhaps death may shoot his arrow next at me: oh my soul, on what are thy hopes founded, on thyself, or on the blood and righteousness of Christ; Christ, he is my only hope. How differ-

ently I feel in the contemplation of death to day, from what I did yesterday. I do not desire to be removed from this world, that I may escape the cross, no, for I trust I can sing with the Poet—

' 'Tis my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross,
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.'

I adopt this language from my heart, but my desire for dissolution is, that I may be delivered from sin, for it is more burdensome to me than ever. Oh with what pleasure should I anticipate affliction if I were sure it would be sanctified to me, that my affections might be more weaned from the world, and wholly fixed above. I have generally found it good to be afflicted, a good to which worldly minds are strangers. Oh with what pleasure the bitter cup is taken, when we know that love is mixed up in it; this makes afflictions sweet, however bitter they may be in themselves.'

SEPT. 30. 'I have been engaged in writing my experience, which is to be read to the Church. Lord, thou knowest that I do not expect to be accepted by thee, or by thy people on account of my own merits; for indeed, I have no merits of my own, but I expect acceptance only through the merits of thy dear Son. Let me experience thy grace as all-sufficient for me on this occasion. I have been much interrupted this evening in my devotions, owing perhaps to having deferred the time an hour later than usual, oh may I be taught by this to embrace the time present. The hour I set apart for this purpose soon glides away while engaged in the delightful exercise. I have had these

words impressed on my mind during the day—"It is of the Lord's mercies that I am not consumed." I sometimes feel surprise when I awake in the morning, and find myself here still; oh why am I not, according to my desert, bemoaning myself in hell; it is because of the Lord's mercies: he hath said, "I am the Lord, I change not;" here I rest my hope, and if he has indeed begun the good work in me, he will carry it on and complete it; blessed be God for this.'

OCT. 1. 'I commence this month in the enjoyment of sweet peace of soul. I have comforts and consolations which the world can neither give, nor take away. Satan has been tempting me, by all his cruel art, to ensnare my soul, and to make me believe that I have no interest in the salvation of Jesus; but under this temptation I am enabled to look to the rock that is higher than myself—unworthy as I know I am, I sometimes fear that I do not feel my unworthiness as I ought. Lord, enable me to see my own nothingness more than ever; I am helpless, but I flee unto thee for succour.

' Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.'

OCT. 5. 'I have enjoyed much comfort for many days, but appear rather lifeless to-day, owing, in some part, to a severe pain in my head—so severe, that I cannot think of one thing two minutes together. But I want to be found on the watch tower—it is a safe place.—There I wait for my Lord—from thence I can watch the movements of the enemy, and see how my soul is exposed. Satan appears in battle-array against

me, but, O Lord, thou art the captain of my salvation ; cover me with the armour which thou hast provided ; help me to put it on, nor think of taking it off while the enemy's camp is in sight ; give me the helmet of salvation —let faith be my shield, so that I may stand against every attack. I know, Lord, that I am safe in thy hands ; may I go from strength to strength in spite of all that is against me, for thou art stronger than all mine enemies. I was permitted to sit down at the table of the Lord last Sabbath. It was a feast to my soul ; may the result be, great growth in grace. I found both the services very profitable. The subject in the morning was 'The soul's conflict with the enemy ;' but Christ the Captain has obtained the kingdom, and our heavenly Father, freely gives this kingdom to all his children. I hope the savour of this delightful service will continue with me during the whole week. The discourse in the evening was truly excellent—"Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power ;" but being in much bodily pain, I did not enjoy the benefit of the opportunity, which it was so well calculated to afford me.'

OCT. 10. 'I am deprived of attending the means of grace to day, owing to indisposition. I am again under affliction—how mysterious are the dealings of the Lord towards me. I see that this is his hand ; may it be sanctified to the drawing off my affections more and more from the creature, and fixing them more steadily and believingly on the Saviour.—I can say, "It is well"—and why should I shrink at the prospect of being laid aside again, when he who hath delivered me in six troubles, will not leave me in the seventh? Oh ! if graces are increased by exercise, Lord, help me to welcome affliction ; may I be free

from the world, and enjoy the presence of the beloved of my soul. Oh! when shall I see his face without a veil between. If I have found so much pleasure in viewing my Lord through the lattice of his ordinances—if I see so much beauty with the eye of faith, beholding him as he is set before me in the gospel—what a delightful view will that be, when I enter heaven and see him as he is—surely I shall be lost in wonder, love, and praise, when I see Him who was wounded for my transgressions, and bruised for my iniquities. Well—though I am confined at home, I trust *this* will not be a *lost* sabbath. I have been enabled to pour forth my soul in prayer at the throne of grace—and I can say I enjoy, at least, a glimmering light; may the Lord arise upon my soul with healing in his wings.’

OCT. 31. ‘Once more raised up from a bed of sickness, a living monument of the Lord’s mercy. The Lord has made my bed in my affliction, and underneath me have been his everlasting arms. Affliction is a blessing, though it is *such* in disguise; we do not always see this—we are short-sighted; but I trust, that what I cannot discern now, as it regards the end the Lord has in view concerning me, I shall know by and by; so that my afflictions are but sanctified, I shall be satisfied, especially if my heart and affections are drawn out more after God. I desire to bow beneath his chastening hand, and to give up myself to him, to do with me as shall be good in his sight; I must not therefore murmur at what he is pleased to lay upon me, knowing “that as my day is, so my strength shall be.” “Afflictions are not joyous but grievous” to the flesh, “but they work good, in bringing the peaceable fruits of righteousness.” I have been much comforted during this affliction with the words, “I will never

leave thee, nor forsake thee;" they often produced light and joy, when at times I had been groping in the dark. I have been led to pray for deliverance from him, who goeth about seeking whom he may devour, and was comforted with the idea, that he cannot devour whom he will. Lord, deliver me also from the fear of death and hell.'

'If sin be pardoned, I'm secure,
Death hath no sting beside.'

Nov. 7. 'I was accepted as a member of the church on Thursday last, and to-day I have the privilege of sitting down at the Lord's Table: and a privilege it is to partake of an ordinance, so calculated to feed my faith, and every other grace; not that this ordinance any more than another can make me better, or save my soul, or open the gates of heaven for my admission. No; I trust I look through it as a means only, and God is pleased to bless his people through means. To this I can set my seal. The subject on which the minister preached was appropriate, "By grace are ye saved, through faith," &c. Oh it is by grace alone, that I hope to be accepted of God, for what has such a poor sinner as I am to depend on, in myself. If I were to muster all my good works together, they would be as insufficient for my salvation as my sins; they would not bear the scrutiny of a God of spotless purity. Blessed be the Lord who has enabled me to renounce all dependence on myself, now that I have a view of my Saviour's cross; he has made peace by his blood, on the merit of which is my whole dependence. Oh! the virtue of the blood of Christ! it is as pure and as efficacious now, to wash away sin, as it was when the thief upon the cross cried, "Lord, remember me."

Oh! if I am washed in his blood—and saved by this grace—and one with Christ, and with his people—this is not of myself—it cannot be—it is wholly of God.—
 “By the grace of God, I am what I am.”

‘Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood,
 Shall never lose its power;
 ‘Till all the ransom’d church of God,
 Are sav’d, to sin no more.’

Nov. 14. ‘I am deprived of attending public worship to-day, and have had no opportunity of retirement till this evening. Now, O Lord, bow the heavens and come down, and grant me a visit of thy love, and smile upon me; this shall make amends for all the frowns I have received during the past week. When I look back and behold the mercy of the Lord towards me, I am lost in wonder, that I am still here; for had not the Lord supported me under the trial, I must have sunk. I have fretted exceedingly, but have found relief at a throne of grace, where I was enabled to pour out my soul before God, whose ear is ever open; who is a very present help in trouble, “and is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother.” I have been led, *again*, to pray, that the Lord would cut short my days: yet, with acquiescence in all his will, I can say, “All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come.” I have given myself up to the Lord, to do with me as pleaseth him best—why should I murmur or be impatient? True, I am in a weak and low state of body, which makes me feel unkindness more acutely than I otherwise should; but I find the promise sweet—“As thy days, so shall thy strength be.” I shall have no more laid upon me, than I shall be able to bear.’

"Tis painful at present,
 'Twill cease before long,
 And then, O how pleasant,
 The conqueror's song !'

Nov. 28. 'When I feel much deadness in my soul, and no life nor spirit in prayer or meditation, I am led to inquire, Why is it thus with me :—what if I am but a mere outside professor. Oh ! that I experienced more spirituality of mind, more breathing out of the soul after God and his likeness. The other night I was in a very happy frame of mind, and enjoyed much communion with God, was loth to leave my room where I had retired for an hour—I could truly, on this occasion, adopt the lines of Dr. Watts as expressive of my own feelings :—

' My willing soul would stay,
 In such a frame as this,
 And sit and sing herself away,
 To everlasting bliss.'

I have been reading the sixth chapter of John, and was particularly struck with that sure word of the Saviour, "All that the Father giveth me shall come to me," &c. Oh ! have I the evidence of being one of these, by being drawn of God to Christ—Surely I am one of the least of his disciples, not worthy to be called a disciple. Oh ! that I may partake of that bread of life, of which I have been reading—that I may grow in grace, and in the knowledge of the Saviour. In addressing the throne of grace on this occasion, the enemy of souls seemed to be kept at a distance—I think I felt much holy fervour of soul, and earnest breathing after God. Lord, thou knowest that my desire is after thee. Let me have the desire of my heart which is, the enjoyment

of the light of thy countenance. As I am more comfortably situated with regard to temporal things, ought I not to feel more comfortably in my soul,—alas with such a heart as mine, it is not always thus! I find the truth of what the poet sings, ‘Trials,’ (not outward comforts;

‘Trials make the promise sweet,
Trials give new life to prayer,
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low and keep me there,’

DEC. 5. ‘I am deprived of attending the ordinance this day, which I feel very sensibly. But, oh! what a mercy the Lord is not confined to means; I have to contend with an afflicted body at this season; but the affliction of the mind is greater. I am afraid I shall not be able to go to the house of God for some time; still I must say, that I have had more enjoyment of the presence of God since I have been confined to the house, than I did for several sabbaths in the summer, when I have attended the means two or three times in a day.—This of itself proves that the Lord is not confined to place or means. I have the same cloudy pillar by day, and the pillar of fire by night to direct my path in this wilderness, as those have who enjoy the means regularly. If I had no God to go to—no Gospel promises to lean on—my case would be truly pitiable, confined as I am so frequently by indisposition. But I do have comforts and consolations abound towards me, which often constrains me to sing,

‘Oh to grace how great a debtor,’ &c.

I should never have sought God, unless he had first sought me; yes, my whole desire is, that that grace may bind my wandering heart to him and to him only.

Satan sometimes tries to tempt me to give up because of my wanderings—which constitute my greatest trouble; but I have this consoling consideration, “that no weapon formed against me shall prosper.” Therefore may I take fresh courage, and fight the good fight of faith, for I shall come off more than a conqueror through Jesus Christ, who is the Captain of my salvation.’

DEC. 21. ‘Have been much better during the past week, but feel some symptoms of a relapse to day. What a burden is this body of sin. When will it be dissolved, and I be clothed upon with the house in heaven? O Lord, hasten the happy period, when I shall bid farewell to every earthly object. This is the shortest day, and may I find it to be the shortest in reality. My death warrant is signed—the day is appointed, though known only to him with whom I have to do. Solemn thought! Let me ask myself seriously—am I prepared to die? Near as the year is drawing to a close, my eyelids may first be closed in death—these hands may be laid in the cold grave, “where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest;”—but the best of all will be, I shall be in the presence of my Redeemer, no more to be annoyed by sin and Satan—no temptation, then, to doubt my interest in Christ. Ah! how often do doubts and fears arise on this account. Oh! that precious word that has silenced many a doubt, and calmed many a fear, “Whosoever cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.” Yes, Lord, I come to thee, knowing I can be saved only through thy blood. Oh! lift up the standard of the cross against my enemy, and enable me to look alone to thee.’

DEC. 29. ‘I am obliged to submit to much con-

finement at this season of the year, even when I am comparatively well ; but I think I will not study the flesh so much. The idea of losing a day, when I ought to improve days and means, not knowing how few remain for me, does not afford much comfortable reflection, especially as time is flying with me so quickly. Next sabbath will be the first in the new year—Lord, permit me to go up to thy house on that occasion. I sometimes find the Bible a sealed book : but, Lord, do thou unseal it, and let me know and possess the rich treasures it contains. My cousin William, whom I have not seen for these eighteen months past, called to see me to-day ; I observed a great alteration in his appearance—he is declining very fast, and I fear quite unprepared for eternity. It affects me much to hear him speak so slightly of religion. May I ever be enabled so to speak of the religion of Jesus Christ, as that alone which affords me comfort under all my trials and afflictions, and not be ashamed. I have been to-day, to see a friend who is on the borders of eternity, and rejoice to find her in such a happy frame of mind. She told me, she was enabled to leave all her cares in the Lord's hand who is a Father to the fatherless. The loss of such a friend, will be greatly felt by me ; but when I consider that she will be safely housed, I dare not repine. I trust the Lord will be with her while she is passing over Jordan. Oh ! that when the Lord sees fit to remove me, he may give me to experience that peace in the same proportion as he has given to my dear friend—such that the world can neither give nor take away.'

JAN. 6, 1825. 'I have entered on another year since I last wrote in my diary—may I be enabled to set out afresh for heaven, devote more of my time to

God, and look less at the things of time and sense. When I look back and trace the merciful hand of God upon me, I am lost in wonder. Oh with what patience the Lord has borne with me, and how much he has graciously revealed of his pardoning mercy to me through the blood of Christ. I have commenced this year under very different circumstances from what I did the last; my father is in great trouble, and I am now with my uncle, may all these trials be sanctified to the good of our souls. The Lord will remember mercy, for I have no reason to doubt his love at last. 'Crosses from his sovereign hand,' often prove to be 'blessings in disguise.' Perhaps I may close my eyes in death, before this is verified in the experience of my dear parent—may the Lord support him. I sometimes think, that I shall not see the end of this year, for I feel as I never did before—I think I have every symptom of consumption. I trust, as the outward man decays, the inward man will be renewed day by day: may the everlasting arms be underneath me. I enjoyed much sweetness last night, and thought I could never be moved, and never feel a proneness to cling to this present life.

'But ere one fleeting hour is past,
The flattering world employs
Some sensual bait to seize my taste,
And to pollute my joys,'

Oh! when shall I have done with this world of vanity.

'Make haste my days and reach the goal,
And bring my heart to rest,
On the dear centre of my soul,
My God, my Saviour's breast.'

If now, while enjoying a measure of the presence of God, I lose all relish for vain delights, how will it

be with me when I shall see him face to face. Oh! the transporting thought.'

JAN. 8. 'It has pleased the Lord to spare me, to see my dear parent under a very heavy dispensation, but I am mercifully provided for in this retreat.'

'Had not this house been broken into, probably I should not have been here; so that this circumstance has worked good for *me* at least, and no material harm to any one. I was very ill this morning, and thought I was fast approaching my end, but I am disappointed; I am to continue yet a little longer in the earthly house of this tabernacle, and still to carry about with me this body of sin and death, but may I be resigned to the will of my heavenly Father; may I improve each fleeting hour; may I acquire a more extensive knowledge of the Scriptures and follow the Lord Christ the Captain of my salvation: may my dear father have the balm of consolation poured in upon his soul; may the Word be his stay, and may he experience much of the Lord's presence. The Lord has promised to be with his people in the waters of affliction, and he is still the same.'

JAN. 23. 'I have endured a severe attack of my complaint, and have been confined to my bed some days, and what has been worse, I have been in a very dark state of mind. The experience of one night in particular, I hope will be deeply imprinted on my memory. These tortures of body and mind, I trust, will be the means of bringing me nearer to God than ever. I have been labouring under great fear lest I should be left to myself to bring disgrace on the cause of Christ—than this should be, Lord, rather let me die this moment. I sometimes fear I am a tree that brings forth no fruit; I feel my ignorance to be

very great. The disciples of the Lord, with whom I have conversed, are much more abounding in knowledge than I, and yet they complain in the same way, and tell me that my case is not singular. But, Lord, do thou search me, and try my reins and my heart, and help me to look to thee for that knowledge which I so much lack. Thou hast said—"If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God."

'I have seen my dear father a few evenings since, and rejoice to find him so composed. The Lord, to whom he has committed himself, is all-sufficient for him: "He is faithful who has promised." In what a different state of mind must Mr. C. be; he has no source of comfort but in himself, and that source I should think, is completely dry, and can yield him no consolation. May we never forget to look to him, who is a very present help in time of trouble, and when brought out of it, may we not forget to praise him.'

JAN. 30. 'I received a letter yesterday, informing me of the death of my much esteemed friend Mrs. Rigby of Stoke Newington. She sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, without a struggle: her warfare is accomplished, she has finished her course, and has now obtained the prize, and blessed be thy name, O Lord, for the hope of meeting her above, to part no more; may the Lord be unto her children more than a parent—a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother. My father has been to see my cousin Wood, who is labouring under severe indisposition. What a sorrowful thing that he should be so unconcerned about death and eternity as he is, when perhaps he will not live to see the morning! Oh the thought of parting here to meet no more! 'tis insupportable. Lord, convince him that he is a sinner, needing mercy; bring him to the foot of the cross;

help him to bid farewell to worldly pleasure, and to all false hopes; to the world he must soon bid an everlasting adieu. Let me ask, Why am *I* made to differ—why have *I* sought salvation? Oh it was grace that sought me first, or I should have been a despiser also. Through the grace that is in Christ Jesus, I can now part with all the trifles of time, and say with Dr. Watts,

‘What sinners value, I resign,
Lord, ’tis enough that thou art mine.’

‘What will my cousin build his hopes upon at the last? Oh may he be enabled to look to the blood of Christ alone, for the pardon of all his sins, and for acceptance before God. What, if he should have to pass the dark valley of death, without one gleam of hope, with nothing but eternal torments before him! This must be the case, unless the Lord has mercy upon him. Blessed be God, none can tell the end of mercy: he hath saved at the eleventh hour; may the riches of divine grace be glorified in this instance; may my cousin yet be saved, if it even be so as by fire, and that when he dies he may leave some testimony behind him that he has found mercy. I have had some sweet conversation to-day with a young friend; I find and feel the truth and beauty of these lines more than ever:—

‘’Tis religion that can give,
Sweetest pleasures while we live.
’Tis religion must supply,
Solid comforts when we die.’

‘The world has no idea of the pleasure which the believer enjoys while passing through this wilderness. They are despised by the world as the scum of the

earth, but they bear the image of the Saviour : O God, give me to bear more of the image of thy dear Son, more true holiness, more godly sincerity, that I may walk circumspectly, not as a fool, but as wise,—wise in the things that accompany salvation.'

FEB. 12. 'Was again deprived of attending the ordinances of God's house last Sabbath. I enjoyed much however in private, in reading the 54th of Isaiah, a chapter I always admired, but I think I never saw so much beauty in it before. I was scarcely in the body, according to my own feeling, while reading it ; love and grace and condescension appear in its several parts. The Lord is absent but a moment, then returns in everlasting mercy and loving kindness, his wrath is but little, his mercy great. How affectionately the Lord speaks to his afflicted ones—"Oh thou afflicted—tossed with tempests, and not comforted." Ah how often am I tossed about with afflictions and temptations ! What a mercy to have Christ for the foundation of my hope : Christ my all ! a sure and glorious foundation, as represented in the 11th verse. What a mercy that *I* have such a foundation ; what a word is that too to rest upon, contained in the 10th verse—"The mountains shall depart, &c."

'The 14th of Hosea too, is a sweet chapter. Who can help admiring the love which the Almighty shews to his backsliding people—how he calls them to return with promises of mercy, and of what he will be to them, even "as the dew," to refresh and comfort them, when they are brought to feel the wearisomeness of their evil ways. Peter experienced this upon his repentance, and so does every returning sinner. Lord, thou hast, I trust, given me repentance, and thou wilt accept me, *not* for my repentance, but through

the infinite love of Christ, my Lord, dying as an atonement for my sin, and by imputing his righteousness unto me, clothed in which I shall appear without fault before the throne, washed in the fountain of his blood, I shall be spotless and pure as the snow. "Christ is all."

"I have heard to-day that my cousin is better; may he be brought to the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness; may he flee unto Christ for salvation. For myself I can still sing,

'Jesu, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly.'

And what an unspeakable mercy to know where to flee to in time of trouble—to know of such a refuge while passing through the fiery trials of this world. Oh if I may but rest in the bosom of my Redeemer, I am secure from the storm and tempest.

'May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go,
Find each day, his wounds more healing,
And himself more deeply know.'

FEB. 13. 'Still a prisoner at home, but I trust a prisoner of hope, a good hope through grace of being free; not in this world, but in a better, where I shall be for ever with the Lord. May I serve the Lord with fervency of spirit this day, and hold sweet communion with him at the mercy seat. Oh for more of this communion that brings so much peace and consolation to the soul. I thought, as I lay on my bed this morning, how tiresome it is to have ones thoughts so prone to wander, when they ought to be wholly absorbed in holy meditation. Ah! this is the fruit of indwelling sin: "when I would do good, evil is present with me." Although I am disappointed

at not being able to go to the house of God to-day, I trust I bear it with resignation. I was blessed with a sense of the Lord's presence whilst before the throne of grace this morning, and was much comforted and encouraged to pray. Prayer I find the safest and the best exercise in which I can be engaged. Lord, keep me from the snares which Satan is continually laying before me, and from all evil to which I am exposed.'

MARCH 9. 'I had the opportunity of attending the Lord's table last Sabbath day, but did not enjoy the opportunity so much as I have on some former occasions. I found it difficult to fix my thoughts on the subject to which I was called to attend. Oh how I long to be rid of this sinful heart, which is so full of iniquity and unbelief, which I so often detect, and which leads me sometimes to doubt of my being a child of God. Often am I led to inquire is it so with others? why am I so cold and lifeless in devotion? The Lord is continually saying in his word "return;" Lord, help me to cleave unto thee with full purpose of heart. This I shall do if thou draw me with the cords of thine everlasting love. I have been with a young friend to-day, with whom in time past I had my conversation in the world, but I have lost all relish for such now. Why me, Lord, while she is as eager after worldly pursuits as ever? Often do I lament my backwardness in speaking to her on the best things, but I must speak, for I feel an affectionate regard for her never-dying soul; and though I cannot give her grace, that being God's prerogative, yet I can speak to her, and pray for her, and who can tell the result. O Lord, enable me to set before her a good example, that she may see what thou hast done for me, and wherein we differ. While I am in the world, I--

appear that I am not of it, but may I abstain from all appearance of evil. Thou, Lord, must keep me, for I dare not trust my own heart; it is too treacherous, "quick to do evil; slow to do good."

MARCH 13. 'Although I have been deprived of the opportunity of attending public worship, I have enjoyed this day much communion with God in private, which reconciles me to the privation I suffer on two accounts, namely, ill-health, and the unfavourable state of the weather. I wish I always felt the divine influences of the Holy Spirit so as I have to-day and last evening. It is more frequently the reverse of this, owing to such a heart as mine, which is sometimes like a stone, having no feeling. But I bless God for the peace I now enjoy. The Sun of Righteousness appears with healing in his wings. I would not part with the present joy and peace which I possess in believing Jesus to be my Almighty Saviour, for all the riches and pleasures of this world.

'I scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.'

'Though it may be, some attempt will be made to despoil me of my pleasure and my peace, yet they cannot without permission.

'Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.'

Yes, many of my earthly comforts have fled, and are likely to decrease more and more, but my God is my chief comfort and joy; for him I part with all this world can afford; these are but for a moment, the one can take from me. I know this world is
ground, and I know too, by the many

changes I experience, that this is not my rest : nor do I wish it to be, for here no rest I find ; but blessed be God, he hath directed me to the true source of rest and peace, and to wait for the enjoyment of the rest that remaineth. I could say, hasten the happy period when I shall smile at Satan's rage on the borders of Canaan's happy land, still I would wait my appointed time, O Lord.'

MARCH 17. 'How wonderful and mysterious are the ways of God ! but he knows what he is doing—

' His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour,
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.'

' My uncle and aunt, from whom I have received so much kindness, have left this house, and I remain alone. This is another circumstance to prove to me that this is not my rest. Young as I am, I have seen many changes in life ; I now seem to be left alone to struggle through domestic troubles which lie before me ; but I am not alone, for the Lord is with me, he will be my guide, my true unerring guide. Perhaps circumstances may be more favourable than I anticipate, but I desire to commit myself to him who hath said—" Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he will sustain thee." I feel rather low in spirits : parting with friends is a hard task, but I trust the time is not far distant when I shall be where farewell is a sound unknown.'

MARCH 27. 'Have had the privilege of attending public worship, both on this and the preceding sabbath, but it has been under great bodily pain on both occasions. The inflammation in my side is very bad ; I think I cannot endure these severe attacks much

longer. What a body of infirmity and disease is mine! Well, though the outward man is decaying, I can look forward to the time and place when and where there will be no more pain. When I trace all pains and disease and sorrows to their source, sin, I am led to adore the grace that has rescued my soul which was in a far worse condition than my body, but the Lord hath healed me, and he is my praise. Lord, help me to follow the example of the woman in the gospel, concerning whose persevering conduct thou saidest, "Great is thy faith;" she overcame all difficulties; she took her case to the Lord; her words were few; "Lord, help me;" but they came from her heart, they were uttered from pressing necessity; she entreated again and again; though often repulsed, she would take no denial: she applied, not to the servants, but spake to the master himself. Lord, enable me to do so likewise. The sabbath is closing, and I am loth to part with it; the last hour will soon strike, but I can look forward in hope of a sabbath that shall never end. To-morrow I am to return to my father's house; I feel at present unable to bear the removal, but the Lord who has promised not to lay more on his people than they are able to bear, I trust has strength in reserve for me.'

APRIL 26. 'I am again brought out of the furnace of affliction a monument of mercy. I have enjoyed much of the Lord's presence which has made up for the privations I have endured. The Lord sympathises with his people under their sufferings; how sweet to attend the whispers of his love—to feel the everlasting arms underneath me, strengthening and supporting to have my affections weaned off the world, and in heavenly things. May I be enabled to come

out more from the world, and not to touch the unclean thing. May I be more concerned for eternity than for things present; for often do I find the world come in like a flood, when engaged in devotional exercises, spoiling all my pleasure, and discomposing all my thoughts.'

MAY 6. 'I have this day lost my watch, how such things trouble and unhinge the mind; I wish I could feel as concerned when I lose the enjoyment of any spiritual blessing. The soul ought to be the greatest concern. Oh, that I could with equal earnestness search out the enemy of my soul, as I am searching for the individual who has taken this thing. Satan is ever trying to rob me of my soul, but the Lord will not suffer him to gain his point, though he permits him to rob me of many comforts and peaceful moments—may I watch more unto prayer.'

MAY 25. 'I am spared to behold the morning of another day. The natural sun is shining in his strength upon the earth. May I feel the cheering beams of the Sun of Righteousness upon my soul—"Turn again, O Lord, and cause thy face to shine upon me, and I shall be saved." I have again returned to my father's house. Oh, when shall I go to my father's house which is in heaven! When shall I occupy the mansion my Saviour is gone to prepare! That is prepared—but am I prepared? The long and severe affliction I am called to endure, perhaps is designed for this purpose, that I should be purified as gold: that I should be ripened for glory.'

MAY 31. 'Attended the means twice last Sabbath, but felt extremely dull and shut up in my soul. Oh, this unbelieving heart! oh, let me feel this weight of sin depart. The minister preached on one of David's

mount seasons. "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want"—but alas, it was not a mount season with me; though there was every encouragement for the weak of the flock. One such am I—weak enough, but though weak, yet, if one of the flock, I shall be safe in the arms of the good Shepherd. Lord, grant that I may find it so. May I feel more love to thee, and be made more strong for thy service.'

JUNE 5. 'I was led to pray this morning, before I proceeded to the house of God, that I might have the darkness dispelled from my mind, and unbelief removed from my heart. I was rather dead at the first part of the service, but after a while I felt the cloud removed a little. The subject seemed to be directed to me, as though there were no one present but myself;—text "I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better." I could bring back to my view the many precious seasons I had had when under affliction, and particularly the last: how often my soul has been illumined by the Lord's countenance shining upon me, what delightful views I had had of heaven! so that I could adopt the language of the Apostle in the text—but still I would say, "the will of the Lord be done,"—"I know in whom I have believed." The thought of such seasons led me to cry out, "oh, that it were with me as in months that are past."

JUNE 26. 'I have been labouring under many doubts for some days past. I think sometimes that I have neither part nor lot in the great matter of salvation. When I experience peace in my soul, I think I shall always enjoy the blessing uninterruptedly—but when left alone, I find how weak my faith is. I have
 I the birth of in the family,

and the death of another : of the lot of the former who can tell ; of the latter, we know that it is taken from a world of sin and woe—it has not had to contend with the cares and temptations of human life :—happy infant ! thou hast safely landed on the shores of rest and peace. But am not I as safe, though not so happy—oh, that I could make these doubts remove. Lord, give me clearer views of my interest in the Saviour ; then shall I know, that though the glorified spirits in heaven are more happy, they are not more secure than the weakest believer that hangs upon Jesus. I have had but one opportunity to-day of attending the sanctuary, but I must not complain, as on many Sabbaths I have had none at all. I felt my soul drawn out much after God during the prayer this morning, much more than on similar occasions ; but I was not permitted to enjoy the word, for being taken very ill, I was carried out about the middle of the sermon. Oh, my soul ! 'tis well thou hast a mercy-seat to go to, there to hold communion with God. I will retire to my chamber, where I have often found him whom my soul loveth. Lord, deign to visit me again, and make it a Bethel to my soul. I come to have my soul refreshed by communion with thee, and by meditation on thy Word—this that is the delight of my heart. May thy Spirit unseal the book.'

JULY 2. ' 'Tis Saturday night, and I am glad to close another week in communion with God. I have suffered much pain, during the week, in my poor body. What a burden is the flesh ; a prison of clay ! but I can happily sing, with the Poet,

' When languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay ;
'Tis sweet to look beyond my cage,
And long to fly away.'

Yes, to depart and to be with Christ! where sin and unbelief shall distress me no more.'

JULY 10. 'Another blessed day of rest; holy of the Lord and honourable! The Lord has graciously visited me this day in his house of prayer. Oh, how refreshing are the means of grace. When I can get a view of Christ, though it be but through a glass darkly, and I am enabled to say "he is mine and I am his," what joy and pleasure such a view and such an assurance afford! I am now going again to the house of God. Lord, grant me another visit of thy love; let me see thee through the lattice of thine ordinances, and refresh me with thy presence, and I shall not wait on thee in vain.'

JULY 20. 'Last week I went with some Christian Friends on board a steam vessel, for an excursion to the Nore; like many other excursions of this sort, its professed object was for the benefit of some charitable institution. The company were to have been select, which induced me to go; but like some others of a kindred spirit, I soon found myself out of my element, as much so as I should have found it literally had I fallen into the element on which I was sailing. There was a mixture of professor and profane. I found that such excursions, whatever might be their professed object, were ill suited to a serious mind. It was truly a miserable day to me: it convinced me that the people of God should not mix with the world. I was forcibly struck with these words, "therefore come out from among them, and be separate, saith the Lord." Lord, thou knowest that this is my desire: I seek not pleasure in or with the world: I court not its smiles, nor fear its frowns. This is the first time, and it shall be the last with me: whatever others do, I will not go under any

pretence whatever. I am sure, that real Christians must find such excursions very unprofitable, even if the company consisted of a whole congregation of professors. There is something in the nature of the thing, so calculated to beget a worldly spirit.

I was at the prayer-meeting last evening, and found it good to draw nigh to God. My heart was cold at first, but soon I found answers to prayer offered up for souls, who were in such a state of feeling as mine. Prayer brings knowledge to the soul. There is more to be learned, more real experimental knowledge acquired at the foot of the cross, than any where else. As the minister said in his address, he had learned more in an hour with God, than in an age of human study:—so have I found it, and may I still find it so, and feel thus whenever I come before thee, O Lord. Amen.

JULY 24. 'I have just been before the throne of grace; solemn thought! To have been before that Divine Being, who is the King of Kings and the Lord of Lords. What an inestimable privilege for one on earth, to be permitted to approach him who is in heaven. But he, the Lord of life and glory, has been on earth, became a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief. He is touched with the feeling of our infirmities: he has been afflicted as I am, only without sin. He is the great high-priest, and sustaining that character, I can go before him with acceptance; for he is the Saviour, the great Law-fulfiller, the Sacrifice, the Atonement, and now a Priest upon his throne. All this suits my case as a sinner—he is just the Saviour I need; and he came into the world to save sinners, even the chief—such am I. I feel, every day of my life, more imperfection in myself; but I see more beauty, loveliness, and purity in my Saviour.

'Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room ;
While thousands make a wretched choice
And rather starve than come.'

'Twas grace alone, or I had perished in my sin. 'Oh, to grace how great a debtor : ' may that grace bind me to thee, O Lord, for ever. I begin to feel as though I had a severe illness approaching ; but I have pleasing anticipations, that if I am laid aside again I shall not recover. I long to fly away—but, O Lord, endue me with patience to await thy time. Lay underneath me thine everlasting arms ; and accompany me through the dark valley whensoever I am called to pass through it.'

AUG. 7. 'Little did I think, a few days ago, that I should now have been in the land of the living. I thought my expectations would have been realized ; but my time, it appears, is not yet come. I have been in the furnace, and am still a monument of mercy, and must remain a little longer here. But oh, how quickly the time passes away : another hour, and this Sabbath will be gone ! Oh, I ought not to lose one moment, for not one can be recalled ;—solemn thought ! instead of improving every moment, how many golden hours have I lost—I blush at the recollection of them before God. How often do I appear before God, even in his sanctuary, with a heavy heart and with deadness of soul ; even this day I have felt many interruptions while at the house of God. I should like to leave every earthly concern behind, when I go up to worship ; but evil thoughts will follow me, go where I will, and intrude themselves while engaged in the most holy things. Often do I wish that I could fly from my sinful self and be at rest. I sometimes think my case is peculiar, yet I cannot part with the little hope I possess : it hangs on the cross, and I

can say that Christ is precious. There is none on earth or in heaven that I desire beside him. My soul thirsteth for him in this dry and thirsty wilderness, where no true comfort flows but what flows from him. Lord Jesus, I come unto thee for drink, for thou hast thyself given the encouraging invitation, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink."

AUG. 23. 'A young friend called to see me to-day, for whose best interests I have great regard; but I am grieved to find her still in a state of ignorance, as it regards spiritual things. Like her namesake, she is troubled and careful about many things; not so much about the business of life, as about the pleasures of it. I had some hope of her at one time, when she resided with me, but the world seems to have engrossed the whole of her heart: ah, once it was so with me, may the same grace which has made me to differ arrest her also. I have talked to her, I have written to her, I have prayed for her; and though I cannot convert her, I will continue to do thus, and add to it example of piety. May I never disgrace the religion of Jesus; but may I ever own and acknowledge him as my Saviour. Such I have found him—may I point him out to others, that they also may flee unto him for salvation; and though I do not see an answer to my prayers in the behalf of others immediately, may I wait the Lord's time and the Lord's will concerning them. I will now begin to think for myself, and a sweet word offers for my meditation—"Having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them to the end." If Jesus loves me, he loves me, not for a day only, but for ever. Lord, touch my heart with holy fire, and let me feel thy influence. I have no pleasure in earthly things: but in thee I have peace. Thou hast said, thou

wilt come to thy people, and that quickly. Some of the weaklings of the flock look forward to that period with a sort of fear, often doubting whether they are interested in the blood of Christ or not,—still such have hope, and seem determined, that if they perish, they will perish at the foot of the cross. Others, in the prospect of Christ's coming, are in such a state of mind, possessing such full assurance, that when attacked by disease, in which they hear, as it were, the voice of Jesus, saying "Behold, I come quickly!" with what joy they receive the message, "Even so," they are ready to say, "come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!" May this latter experience be mine: but if only the former, still I think I shall be safe.'

AUG. 28. 'I commence this Sabbath alone, away from all human observation, but not from the eye of that Divine Being with whom I have to do, nor would I—for wherefore do I retire, but to hold holy intercourse with him. May he manifest himself to me, and speak peace to my troubled breast—"without are fightings, within are fears"—but this is my comfort when I can attend the whispers of my Saviour's love; saying, "my grace is sufficient for thee." Yes, blessed be his name, though weak in myself, I am strong in him. This is delightful, I could continue in this retirement, but the privilege of a longer stay is denied me; Lord, grant me a view of thy goodness, may I behold my Saviour's face, and his goings in the sanctuary, "cause thy light to shine upon me, and I shall be saved;" I shall enjoy that peace of mind which passeth all understanding.

'I have now come to the close of this Sabbath. I usually feel a longing desire for the house of God, but I do not recollect ever entering the doors of the Sanc-

tuary with so much joy, as I have this day! such sweet enjoyment of the divine presence while there, that I could have been content to have continued until midnight. I regretted much that the service was so soon over. The subject of the sermon was a very sweet one, "His rest shall be glorious;" oh my soul, hast thou indeed sought the Saviour, hast thou beheld the Lamb of God? As a poor sinner, it is all that I can do, to seek with other Gentile sinners to the cross of Christ for salvation. But how delightful the rest, even here, as enjoyed in believing, how glorious hereafter. The people of God are generally, a poor, tried, and afflicted people; and some, like their Divine Master, have not where to lay their heads, have not even the common necessities of life. But the Lord is their portion; this world is not their rest, they have a rest remaining in another world, and that rest is a glorious rest. They are heirs of eternal glory with Christ their head. The Lord often chooses his people in the furnace of affliction, and all their trials, and afflictions, persecutions and sorrows, which they endure, tend the more to sweeten the promise of this glorious rest, just as they tend to make us more familiar with the throne of grace, in proportion to their severity. May I find the word which I have heard this day, like bread cast upon the waters, which is found after many days, continue on my memory and on my heart; and should this be the last Sabbath I shall spend on earth in the house of God, may I enter within the veil, and behold the glory of God in heaven.'

SEPT. 1. 'This is my birth-day; to-day I enter my twentieth year, but shall I complete it? Will this frail fleeting breath be stopped, and shall I be clasped in the arms of death? Lord, thou only knowest.

When I look back and view the hand of God towards me, how he has upheld me, what he has brought me through, as also how he has caused me to hear his voice; can I trace the cause, I find it not in myself, but I read of the everlasting love of God, there I trace the cause,—‘ ’Twas his own love’ (as Dr. Watts sings) ‘ that sweetly forced me in,’ and drew me to himself; I have been a child of prayer, the prayers of some now in glory, especially of my dear mother, on whose heart I lay very near, when on earth. The Lord has answered her prayers since she has been gone: he has manifested his love to my soul. May the Lord keep me still and enable me to adorn the doctrine of God my Saviour, and to walk worthy of my high vocation. I have attended the Church meeting of which I have been admitted a member; the Lord is working, I trust, in the behalf of that Church; may it be distinguished, not only by the number of its members, but by its purity; may it be fruitful and multiply in grace; and oh, may we not only be members of the Church on earth, but of the Church triumphant above.’

SEPT. 4. ‘ I have been this evening at the Table of the Lord, and think I can say, it has been a precious season. When the Lord deigns to visit me, then I find such opportunities to be sweet indeed. Here I was led to contemplate Christ as the High Priest, such as I need: as there could be no remission without blood, he gave his own, and not only so, but he is a High Priest for ever in the behalf of his people; ever living to intercede for them and to plead the merits of his blood, which is as efficacious now as when he hung upon the cross. Well, having such a High Priest, why should my soul be cast down as it

sometimes is? He is touched with the feeling of our infirmities, for when on earth he was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. Other priests sleep; but Jesus our High Priest, he who keepeth Israel, his Church, never sleepeth. I need this High Priest by night as well as by day; oh my soul, is this High Priest thine? oh, may all my hopes hang on him who is faithful, and who has promised that none of his shall perish.'

SEPT. 11. 'Another Sabbath I have found blessed to my soul. I did not expect, last night, to be the subject of so much peace to-day; I had such a deep sense of sin, I thought my iniquities would have hurled me to the lowest hell before morning. But the Lord had ordained better things for me; the Minister spoke as though I had told him all my heart, but I had told my heart to him to whom all hearts are open, and he directed the Minister to speak the word in answer to my case. The subject of the sermon was, 'The inability of any creature to separate us from the love of God, that love which is in Christ Jesus our Lord;' this I have found to be a refreshing season to my soul, although my sins have been so great, together with the continual conflicts which I have with the world, the flesh, and the devil; yet none of these, nor all of them combined, can separate me from the love of God. God loves his Son, and he loves his people in him, who are washed in his blood, and clothed in his righteousness. The beloved disciple says, "We write these things unto you that ye sin not." The children of God cannot delight in that, which God declares he hates—"But if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous, and he is the propitiation for our sins." But God for-

bid that I should sin that grace may abound. No, I hate it, I wish to be delivered from the very being of it; oh that I may be enabled to believe without doubting that I am interested in the everlasting love of God, for there is my everlasting security.'

SEPT. 26. 'I have been in the furnace of affliction since I last wrote here; oh my soul, have I come forth as gold, more pure for the trial; is the dross cleansed, are my affections more off of the world, do I see more of its emptiness, and have I more earnest desires after Christ? I have been much comforted during my affliction with that which I heard on the 11th inst. on the everlasting love of God in Christ Jesus. The things of time and sense afford no food for my soul. O Lord, that which alone can satisfy me, must come from thyself through the Mediator, my great High Priest. I have this day followed the mortal remains of an aged relative to the silent grave. These words impress my mind much—"Be ye also ready"—I may be the next in the family who may be called from time to eternity; oh, may I be ready, and have the oil of grace burning within me.'

OCT. 7. 'I have just returned from friends at Romford. I have not enjoyed so much communion with God as I have on some occasions of my being there. I feel rather lifeless and barren. I have been reading this morning of the Fig Tree which our Saviour cursed, and caused to wither because it had no fruit. Thus, I sometimes think it will be with me, the Lord will have patience with me no longer; but when I recollect the everlasting love of God in Christ, I have hope that he will spare, till he has accomplished all his will concerning me; I am still determined at his cross to lie, 'And if I perish, there I'll die.' I trust

thus much, that if the Lord has planted the faith of his elect in my soul, he will not take it away ; he has said —“ A bruised reed shall not be broken, nor smoking flax quenched,” “ He despises not the day of small things, and where he begins a good work in the heart, he will complete it.” O Lord, if indeed this good work is begun in me, carry it on to thy glory; and if not, begin the work in me this night by thy good Spirit, may the world have less influence over me, though I am obliged to be in it, let me not be of it ; oh no, I loathe it—I would not live always.’

OCT. 16. ‘ I am still in a low frame of mind ; there is the prospect of a very severe winter, already I begin to feel its effects on my chest ; this, together with being under the hidings of God’s countenance, tend to cast me down. Perhaps the Lord will be better to me than all my doubts and fears. I trust he will not forget to be gracious, but that his mercy will continue with me, “ There is still balm in Gilead, there is a Physician there.” There is salvation through the blood of Christ : upon that alone I fix ; such a Saviour I need, every promise in the book of God I need, to meet my case temporally and spiritually. May the Lord fulfil them all in my experience. This is the Lord’s day, but I fear it will prove but a poor day to me ; I seem to have got but little stock for the week, but I can go to my Saviour every day, yes, every hour, and obtain grace according to my need ; at present all is dark, there is a great mist before me, not to say a cloud. But, O Lord, make darkness light before me, according to the promise, if there be any sin in me, that hides thy smiles from me, O pluck it up by the root, let it not grow. I fear I have sinned in entreating too much to be removed out of time, being tired and wearied with

being useless ; neither glorifying God, nor of any service in the world. Perhaps in this I have sinned ; Lord, pardon my impatience to be gone, let me be satisfied that thou wilt deliver me in thy good time ; blessed be God, I shall not live always, I am looking for a better country—" a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," where the inhabitant will no more say I am sick " where all tears will be wiped away." I would say in the language of the Poet, and it is the language of my heart.—

' Away my unbelieving fear,
Fear shall no more in me take place,
My Saviour doth not yet appear,
He hides the brightness of his face,

' But shall I therefore let him go.
And basely to the Tempter yield,
No in the strength of Jesus, no,
I never will give up my shield.

' To me he soon shall bring it nigh,
My soul shall then outstrip the wind,
On wings of love mount up on high,
And leave the world and sin behind.'

' Many are the afflictions of the people of God, but the promise is, they shall be delivered out of them ; but the when and the how, is not mentioned. There, my duty is not to search, but to stand still ; Lord, enable me so to do.'

OCT. 30. ' I have often found the Lord to be present with me in this room—here I have had many delightful seasons, though I am sometimes tempted to think that this kind of enjoyment is only the flight of

my imagination. But, Lord, my heart is open before thee ; thou knowest how it is with me ; and I trust thou wilt manifest thyself unto me again and again in this place. Apply the blood of thy dear Son to my conscience, that I may know that I am saved by his blood. Once I argued, when in a state of unregeneracy, thus—Can the blood of him that was born in a manger—the despised Nazarine—the man who was rejected of men—who was buffeted, and in every possible way ill-treated, and at last crucified, can his blood avail for my salvation ? I do not argue so now ; no, I feel the need of that blood to bring me nigh to God. A day or two ago, I was expressing myself thus : Oh, when shall I be delivered from this cold heart of unbelief ? For let me retire to wrestle with God in prayer, or to read his word, or go in company with his saints, all is dark. If it continue thus with me, I shall sink in despair. O thou Lamb of God, bring me out of this strait.

‘ I have been able to attend the means to-day, and have found it good to do so. I think I heard the voice of Christ in his word ; he seemed to say, “ Rise up, and come away.” Means are not my Saviour ; but when I can see him and hear him in them, then they are blessed ordinances indeed : such I think I can say of them to-day. I have heard that many accuse, but cannot condemn. When Satan tries to condemn a poor soul, like mine, before God, Christ in effect shews his wounds, and the blood flowing from them ; and says, “ Who shall condemn ?” Hell is silenced, and the accuser is dumb. Now my soul, how stand matters between thee and God ? on what foundation art thou building thy hopes ? Oh, I *can* say, I build them on the foundation which God has laid in Zion:

Light is now breaking in upon my soul; instead of despairing, I have hope; for while, in my retirement this evening, reading the 5th chapter of Mark, when I came to that word, "Be not afraid, only believe," it was as ointment pouring into my sorrowful soul. I felt its healing virtue; I was enabled to lay hold on that word; and in reply to say, "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief." Thus I have found peace: O Lord, tarry thou with me, take up thine abode in my heart, beat down every idol, and take full possession of me.'

Nov. 19. 'I am again brought out of a heavy affliction. I have been labouring under a double affliction; for besides the affliction of the body, I have had sore and hard struggles with the enemy; he has been tempting me to put an end to my existence, because of my sins. I know the rebellion of my heart; and I tremble lest I should bring disgrace upon the cause of Christ. I cannot bear to live thus. I opened my Bible, and there I read the promise, "When the enemy cometh in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him." And I found another promise, which has been fulfilled:—"The Lord will not suffer his people to be tempted above that they are able to bear." I will therefore look unto the hills, whence cometh my help at all times, and I trust it will not fail me now. I desire to feel more grateful than I do for the Lord's delivering mercy, both from affliction of the body, and from the temptation of the enemy. I desire to feel, too, all the iniquity of my heart, that I may be more humble. Reading the 36th Psalm, I was struck with the first verse, "My heart sheweth me mine iniquity." I am sure my heart sheweth me enough of the wickedness

and depravity of human nature. If such an eminent saint as David felt the load and weight of sin within him, well may I; but I have this consolation, that the Lord knows what is in me; he knows the proneness of my heart to wander, and therefore provides safety in himself. I feel I should never seek him of myself; but he draws me after him, and I am enabled to run. To thee, O Lord, I look for help, for I feel I am perfect weakness, more and more every day I live. This is the last day of the week—thus I am drawing nearer to the last day of my life. I trust the Lord will spare me to recover a little strength, for I feel very unfit to appear before God, should I be summoned to appear before his bar this night—yet I know, that were I to live for fifty years longer, I shall not be more fit in myself. I must be clothed with a better righteousness than mine own, that I shall not be acquitted without the mark of the Redeemer's blood upon me. If this be not my case, I am lost. But, O Lord, may I be found attired with the Saviour's righteousness—then with boldness shall I stand in that great day. And now, Lord, prepare me for the Sabbath; which if I spend in time, it may be to me the earnest of an eternal Sabbath in thy kingdom above—oh, my heavenly Father, to thee I commit the keeping of my soul.'

Nov. 27. 'My friends have not permitted me to go out to-day, on account of my health. I feel it keenly, as it is the Sabbath, but must submit. I have had in retirement a sweet season of prayer; not so shut up in myself as on some occasions. But Satan tries to hurl me from the throne of grace; but he shall not prosper, while the word of God says, "No weapon formed against thee shall prosper." Satan is only permitted to try, not to succeed. Oh that I could

retire more frequently than I do. The more frequently with God, the more safe; but situated as I am just now, I cannot—I can see no way by which I can escape. I will wait the Lord's time, who holds my times in his hands. I have been very silly to-day, in shedding so many tears on a trifling occasion—would that I could shed as many over my cold and barren heart! Alas, there is little weeping for that. O Lord, break this heart of stone—"Create in me a new heart, and renew a right spirit within me."

DEC. 22. 'My mind has been much occupied this evening in the contemplation of death, owing to an aged relative being near her departure out of time. Perhaps at this moment she is not in the body—whither has the spirit fled, no mortal dare decide. There was no evidence to satisfy survivors—but who can tell what was done at the eleventh hour? Let me inquire,—if my soul should be required shortly, how will it be with me? If I were to receive my desert, I should be cast into outer darkness. And what is the ground of my hope of its being otherwise?—nothing of my own—the merits, the blood, and righteousness of Him, who remembered me in my low estate, for his own mercy and grace, and everlasting love. I have been suffering much for several days past, the pain at this time seems to threaten immediate dissolution. I have lately been labouring under the bondage of the fear of death, fearing lest I should sink in the swellings of Jordan. But how can I sink with such a prop as my eternal God? If I am his child, I shall be secure.

' If sin be pardoned, I'm secure,
 Death has no sin beside ;
 The law gave sin its damning power,
 But Christ, my ransom, died.'

I had a good day last Sabbath, the Lord appeared for me in answer to prayer—evidently so. Oh, the privilege of a throne of grace; what a mercy I have found it. The Spirit of God directed me to it, or I should have never prayed, but should have remained ignorant of its value to this hour. Now I would not forego the privilege for ten thousand worlds. I attended the house of God, and found it good to be there.—Text, “Who hath given to us everlasting consolation, and a good hope through grace,” &c. Oh the consolation that has flowed into my soul, from the consideration of this interesting and important subject—streams flowing from the love of Christ, the fountain head, well calculated to comfort the hearts of God’s people, and (as it says) “to stablish them in every good word and work.”

DEC. 31. ‘This day closes another year. I have been looking over my memorandums, and can scarcely believe that I am the same person that wrote them. I read how much I have enjoyed of the presence of the Lord at times, and what sweet communion I have held with him from off the mercy-seat in this my little Bethel and elsewhere; and did I not read also how many fears and temptations I have laboured under, and how many have been the days of darkness and sorrow, I should at this moment conclude, surely I am not the same, did I not find that my experience has been too much chequered to admit of a doubt of my being the very person. And is it always to be thus with me, sometimes on the mount, then in the valley; sometimes surrounded with light, then under the horror of great darkness; sometimes all life and animation then dull and lifeless. Well may it be said, “Man never continueth in one stay.” I look at myself as I am at the

present moment, so dead and indifferent—groping in the dark, without one spark of light, even from the word of God, which is like a sealed book, my affections going out too much after some idol. I go to the throne of grace; all is dark there. I receive no answer to prayer—a temptation seems to be thrown in my way: how shall I escape it? But, O Lord, I lift up my heart to thee, suffer me not to parley—I seek thy guidance. If the object of my affections be a temptation of Satan to draw me from thee, let not the idol be spared—tear it from the throne where it is set, and let me worship thee alone.

‘Another hour, and the year will be closed, and numbered “with the years beyond the flood.” My father has read in the family worship this evening the 4th chapter of Peter’s first Epistle. I was more than ordinarily struck whilst the chapter was being read, and thought every verse applied to me, particularly the seventh. O Lord, may I by thy “grace watch unto prayer,” remembering that the “end of all things is at hand”—at least, as it regards myself. May I be moderate with regard to all with which I have to do in this world; not intoxicated by it. May I lay aside every weight, and every besetting sin, and so run without hinderance the heavenly race, looking unto Jesus, the captain of my salvation.’

JAN. 1, 1826. ‘It is good to commence the year with the Sabbath, though I enter upon it under a cloud; but I must say, I received much consolation in the house of God to-day, especially at the Ordinance. The address on this occasion was well suited to my circumstances and feelings; the minister could not have spoken more appropriately had he known them. I was a little revived and encouraged to hope that the

Lord had not cast me off. I do also trust, that a way of escape will be made for me, from that temptation and trial with which I am exercised, that I may again enjoy such sweet seasons as I have aforetime.

‘Let me pause for a moment, and consider how much of my time is lost. I know not what time remains—I have begun the year, but shall I end it? My health is better, and I bid fair for life, at present at least, according to human appearances; but the silver cord may soon be cut. Let me ask myself, then, how are matters between me and that Divine Being, before whose bar I must give account. Solemn thought! I have been at the table of the Lord this day; but shall I partake of the marriage supper of the Lamb in the kingdom of heaven another day? Oh, if I could but feel assured of this, I would willingly resign my breath this night—yes, this moment. Oh, what a deliverance it would prove from a tempting devil, and from an alluring world; but, most of all, from an evil and deceitful heart. But may I patiently wait the Lord’s time, that when he calls, I may with calmness say, here am I.’

JAN. 5. ‘The Lord is gracious, full of compassion and kindness. He has shown himself such on my behalf, so that I am led to rejoice in him. Oh, that I could feel more true, ardent love burning within my soul towards him! Blessed be his holy name, for that I have felt extremely happy within this last day or two; and I think, if ever I enjoyed solid peace with God, I did last evening. I lay down on my bed in a far more happy frame of mind than I have done for some time past. Oh, what a mercy to have the heart and affections drawn out after God, and to find all my happiness in him. Lord, let me not be numbered

with those "who draw back unto perdition, but with them that believe to the saving of the soul."

JAN. 29. 'What a variety of experience I have passed through during this month. Why am I out of hell? I feel so much distress and hardness of heart, that I think sometimes I must give up. But oh the thought of the last day! How could my heart endure to hear thee say, depart—thou whom my soul hath loved, and still loves, and with whom I had hoped to dwell in the fulness of joy for evermore.

'How could I bear to hear thee say,
Depart, ye cursed, far away;
With devils in the lowest hell
Thou art for ever doom'd to dwell.'

Oh, heart-rending thought! When I take a glance at Calvary, and view the Son of God dying for sinners, such as I am, every idol loses its charms, and I could sacrifice them to his blood; but alas! this feeling is so transient. The Tempter, too, follows up his devices, as though he were determined to triumph; but, O Lord, let the victory be mine, not his; if thou hold me, he cannot pluck me out of thine hand.

'I have witnessed the miserable state of one who is living without hope and without God in the world, who is now under a very severe trial—he is in a pitiable case, without any source of comfort, having no where to look for consolation—he has hewn out to himself cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water. But, O Lord, bend that stubborn will, break that heart of stone, and point him to Jesus for succour. When I view the state of such an one, I feel grateful for the little hope I enjoy through the atoning blood of Jesus, and for the consolation which the gospel

yields, such that I would not part with for all that this world could bestow.

I have had an opportunity to-day of attending the house of God, which I lost last Sabbath, owing to the state of the weather; to which if I had exposed myself, much suffering would have been the consequence. I have not had that comfort to-day, which I have experienced on some former occasions. The subject was *The Fall of Peter*. Ah, how weak is human resolution, especially when a man is left to himself! At the moment, no doubt, Peter thought he could *die* for his Master. But alas, how soon his courage and his resolution failed him! A short time ago, I thought my mountain stood so strong, that I should never be moved—but how am I cast down and troubled!

‘ My heart, how dreadful hard it is,
How heavy here it lies ! ’

FEB. 12. ‘ Still more wretched. Have been tempted to destroy my diary, and to retire from the church; but an overruling hand has prevented me from so rash an act. An infant in the family has just taken its flight from all the sins, and storms, and sorrows of life. Oh that I had died in my infancy! how many sins should I have escaped. But hush—who can tell for what purpose I am yet spared. I have been to the house of God to-day, and found it good to be there. I heard of the Mediator, the Lord Jesus Christ, who has closed up that breach which sin has made between God and his people. Take away the mediation of Christ, and what would remain to the believer? All would be gloomy indeed, which would be but faintly represented were the sun to be removed from our

system. God cannot bless man but through a Mediator. To go to God in any other way than through the blood of the Mediator, would be an insult to the Deity—like that of Cain; not like Abel, whose sacrifice was blood. “For without shedding of blood, there is no remission of sins.” Man often fails in attempting to make up breaches between jarring friends; but Christ cannot fail in his mediation—and he still lives as the Mediator, and will continue so till all the children of God are called and brought to glory. Interesting and delightful thought! Oh, to be interested in the mediation of the Son of God. My soul inquire, Is the salvation of the Son of God the fabric on which alone thy hopes are built?—Is the blood of Christ the only sacrifice on which thy plea for mercy is founded? Then I cannot fail to obtain it—for the promise is, “Whoever cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.”

FEB. 20. ‘Attended the house of God three times yesterday. In the morning I was much tormented at the recollection of those seasons I have formerly enjoyed in the house of prayer, to which of late I have been so much a stranger. In the evening, I went with my father to St. James’s, Clerkenwell, and heard Mr. Dillon from Numbers xxx. 2. It was an impressive discourse, and a very solemn season; but alas, how soon impressions wear off from the heart—as the flinty rock untouched either by terror or love. The subject was, On making vows and keeping them:—oh, my soul! how often hast thou made these vows to God, and as often broken them. O Lord, enable me to bind myself to thee, and help me to keep my word with thee—and from this time may I look to thee continually to keep me in thy paths; for thou knowest that I love them.

If I were to turn aside into the world, I should feel myself out of my element. Lord, thou knowest that I hate sin—that it is the source of all my unhappiness, and that it is on account of sin that I would not live always. The world leaves an aching void, which none but thy gracious spirit can fill. Oh, feed my soul with honey out of the rock Christ Jesus, that shall satiate my weary soul, and satisfy my sorrowful spirit. I felt much pleasure this evening in retiring from the world into my chamber, there to commune with my own heart, but above all, to hold communion with God, and to meditate upon his precious Word. Lord, let me find this a Bethel-season, and shew thyself to me, as “the Lord, gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness.”’

MARCH 12. ‘I think of all the weeks of misery and darkness I have ever experienced, this last has been the worst. I have been unable to write, or pray, or meditate. I thought this long night would never be over, but there is now a glimmering hope of day. I trust I have a good hope through grace. I heard Mr. Mortimer this afternoon from the words of the Saviour—“If any man keep my saying, he shall never see death,” glorious promise! made by One who is faithful and true, repeated in another place, “Whosoever liveth, and believeth in me, shall never die.” To the child of God, death is a mere shadow—it has lost its substance—a mere vision. Christ has conquered death, and hath opened the gate of everlasting life; but how is it that “death makes cowards of us all!” The Christian may sing, and I would sing,

‘If sin be pardon’d, I’m secure,
Death has no sting beside.’

I feel some pleasure at the prospect of death this moment, and I am ready to say, would to God this night I might die! not that I am altogether free from fear; on the contrary, if I look at myself, as I sometimes do, I know that my sins are sufficient to damn my soul: but when I can look to Jesus, and have hope that I am in him, I know I am free from condemnation—for Christ himself has said it,—“whosoever believeth in him, shall not come into condemnation, but is passed *from* death unto life.” I believe that not one of his, no, not the meanest of his sheep, shall ever be lost; they are in his keeping and must be safe. I will read John x. and then I can sing the 138th hymn in Dr. Watts’s first book.’

MARCH 19. ‘I again thought the Lord had forgotten me, but this morning the clouds were dispersed; I was led to the house of God, and there I found him whom my soul loveth—I soon found that the lines had fallen to me in a pleasant place. The subject of the sermon was from Isaiah xlii. “I will bring the blind by a way that they know not, &c.” What a mercy! though the child of God may be in darkness, he still goes on his way: he does not sit still, or even fall, he walks in darkness. Why does he keep on? Why does not he fall? Because the Lord leads him as he led Abraham, “who went out, not knowing whither he went;” so the Lord leads his people. What a mercy! that the Lord’s eye is upon his people all the time they are in a state of unregeneracy—till at length he calls them by his grace and brings them to himself. What a mercy! the Lord has led me, a poor blind erring creature, and has brought me to his light, and caused me to behold his righteousness. And what an unspeakable mercy I see in this promise; that though he leads his people about,

and that in darkness as well as in the light, through crooked places as well as through straight, and through rough places as well as through plain. What an unspeakable mercy, I say, that he has promised that he will not forsake them. O Lord, thou wilt not forsake me, till I behold the sun rising beyond Jordan, which shall go down no more for ever.'

APRIL 2. 'O Lord, to thee I lift up my soul, and say with the Poet—

'All hail, reproach—and welcome, shame,
If thou remember me.'

I have endured much persecution to-day from one who calls herself a Christian; my feelings have been greatly wounded, and my mind ruffled, but I have a conscience void of offence on this occasion. I have been to the throne of grace, where the Lord caused his light to shine upon my soul; and I now am enabled to rejoice in being reproached for Christ's sake. It is for the trial of my faith, no doubt—Lord, grant that my soul may be benefitted thereby.'

APRIL 16. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits." I have at length escaped out of the hands of one who has long meditated my destruction. The Lord has appeared for me: hitherto I am kept, not left to myself. Oh, had I been left to myself, where and what should I have been at this moment. I have experienced much joy and comfort at the house of God this evening. I have heard of the difference between the godly sorrow of the child of God, and that of the world. Oh, my soul, hast thou that repentance, that needs not to be repented of? and is
Calvary? Where else can a
where for blood to cleanse—

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ness to

adorn and justify, but to Jesus! through whom alone I can find acceptance with God. But the enemy sometimes tells me *that* righteousness is not for me—not one drop of *that* blood was shed for me. But I read that Satan is a liar: I know that Christ died for sinners, and feel my need of such a Saviour. I cannot live upon the husks of this world, and therefore I cry, ‘Give me Christ, or else I die.’ Lord, help me to believe; and be merciful to me, a poor sinner, and give me peace.’

MAY 1. ‘The past week has been a week of affliction and trial, but I trust a blessing will follow. Though I do not always experience comfort, owing to the hardness of my heart, which I feel within, yet I still am enabled to hold by my hope: this I cannot give up. The Lord thinketh upon me, and makes way for my deliverance. I have this day received a gracious answer to prayer—‘Praying breath (the Poet says) shall not be spent in vain;’ and God says, “I have never said to the seed of Jacob, seek ye me in vain.” I begin to enjoy more peace: Lord, may my life, my all, be devoted to thee. Though my petitions seem to lie a long time unanswered, the Lord takes his own time with me, and why should I complain, seeing it is the best; and while he is causing all things to work together for my good. Yes, this is the Word of promise on which I rest, and it is like all other promises, which are “yea, and amen, in Christ Jesus.” While I am sitting here, at the still hour of midnight, these precious words of Christ are brought to my mind, “Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.” Then I may safely conclude, that the world cannot overcome a child of God. Though it may allure, or vex with trials and tribulation, it shall not overcome. Lord, let not the world over-

come me ! and that it may not, enable me continually to look to Jesus, the author and finisher of faith, and grant me that faith which giveth the victory over the world.'

MAY 17. 'I have enjoyed much of the divine presence for some days past; I think the Lord is returning in mercy; I feel his goings forth to be as the morning—and as the former and the latter rain upon the earth, thus it is with my soul. I feel the happy effects of his goodness, for he has refreshed me. I have my affections weaned more and more from the creature, and fixed more upon the glory of my Redeemer, in whom I rejoice. How pleasing it is to retire in the evening of the day, to contemplate the glory of Christ: I have found it good to retire to my little Bethel—here my soul feels lifted up above all transitory things. I found the 4th of the 2nd of Corinthians to be truly interesting this evening. The children of God have many trials to endure, but they are not destroyed, though it may be they are often cast down by them; no, the everlasting arms are underneath them for their support, and they are enabled to look from the things that are seen, to those which are unseen. This is very mysterious to one untaught of the Spirit of God; but O Lord, let me not be a stranger to such experience.'

MAY 22. 'I have returned from the country to-day to my father's house. On every occasion I am led to say, 'when will the day arrive when I shall reach my heavenly Father's house.' I can now sing from my heart,—

' Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I trust, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.'

Yes—to my everlasting home. Yesterday was the

Sabbath—I heard of Enoch walking with God.—Walking with God, I find, chiefly consists in holding frequent, or I should say, continual communion with Him. When we reason carnally upon this consideration, it appears impossible that the creature should commune with the Creator; but when we apply the eye of faith to the consideration, we not only know that it is possible, but that it is a real privilege to every believer; because God and his people are reconciled through the death of Jesus: and, being now agreed, what was before impossible is now realized—they can walk together. May I thus walk with God, enjoy sweet communion with him here, as I often have; and when, like Enoch, I am not—may God take me to himself. Amen.’

JUNE 18. ‘I have been much troubled for some days past—sometimes almost in despair. In this house of my pilgrimage, I have alternate joys and sorrows: cares and sorrows sometimes, however, take to themselves wings, and fly away; and then my soul, being a little relieved, takes wing likewise, and soars to the throne of God—he is my refuge at all times.

‘That promise, which I have just been reading, is fulfilled: “they shall sit every one under his own vine and fig-tree, none making them afraid”—it is added, “for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.” It is our mercy to have a “thus saith the Lord” for every promise. I am enjoying the fulfilment of this promise at this present moment, quietly contemplating many other promises. But the christian should not always live in retirement; but should appear in the world as a burning and a shining light, and so become a witness for God’

JULY 9. ‘I have been in a darker valley than any

I recollect to have passed through in this wilderness, since I set out in the ways of God. I have felt both dark and cold; but I desire to draw nearer to the Sun of Righteousness, that I may have both light and heat. But this unbelieving heart keeps me back—surely I do not live sufficiently on Christ, or sit under the droppings of his most precious blood.

‘But what a world is this through which a poor soul has to pass! If there were only briars and thorns, one might bear with these, as they might sometimes be escaped; but there are snares, and traps, and gins, of which we are not aware, and into which we should inevitably fall, were we not kept by him who hath said, “I will keep thee in all thy ways.” Then let me take courage. It is the word of him that changeth not; although for a small moment he sometimes hides his face, yet he will never—never forsake his people. This is a consoling truth; it is as a drop of honey out of the rock. Lord, feed me with such drops, that I may be nourished and supported thereby.

‘This is Saturday evening, another week nearer to eternity: may I improve well the remaining moments of time to the glory of my Redeemer. I anticipate with delight the approaching sabbath, when I shall worship with the people in God’s more immediate presence. But oh, if the near approach of an earthly sabbath afford such delight, how much more shall I be delighted when the summons comes to bid me depart from time to that eternal state, where sabbaths never end. The thought of it at this moment fills me with peculiar pleasure and delight.’

AUG. 13. ‘The Lord has not forgotten to be gracious; I have experienced many visits of his love. The Lord has manifested himself to me very frequently

in his sanctuary, where he has caused me to behold his goings forth in all his ordinances. In this room also I have enjoyed much of the manifestations of his love. I have been reading a book which was put into my hands, with which I was much taken at first, but I soon had enough of it; it soon became uninteresting, inasmuch as there was nothing of Christ in it. That book alone is truly interesting, which directs the mind to Calvary—to behold the tragic scene there displayed. When there, I look and behold him as suffering for me—for wretched me. I desire no other object, no other love: Oh, may I feel more love to him, who first loved me: if, like the Ephesian Church, I have left my first love, oh, may I return to him who sheds abroad his love in the hearts of his people by his Holy Spirit, that I may feel that divine influence drawing out my heart from every thing else to him, whom I desire to love supremely.

‘I have this day heard of the distress of a person, for whose best interest I feel much concern—he has neither food to eat, nor where to lay his head; and, what is worse, he is without hope, and without God in this distress. When I see such a case, I am led to value my privileges more and more, especially my religious privileges. Suppose I was thus destitute, and had no one to give me a meal, and above all, if I had no God to go to under such destitution, how wretched should I be! Oh, my soul, consider the uncertainty of every thing temporal! be thankful for every providential mercy, and trust him who has said, “bread shall be given, and water shall be sure.” I am about to write to this distressed individual. O Lord give me to write a word in season! sanctify this affliction to the good of his soul, for which thou knowest I am particularly anxious!’

SEPT. 3. 'Have been to the sanctuary this morning, and heard a delightful discourse on these words: "And to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than the blood of Abel." The blood of Christ has a voice. I trust I have heard it again and again in the accents of peace to my soul. May I hear it again this night speak peace and joy, when with his people I surround his table, there to commemorate the death of the Lord of life and glory! May the Lord himself preside at his own table, otherwise it will be in vain to be there; for there will be neither edification nor comfort. Time now summons me to appear in the house of God for the purpose just stated.

'I have returned from the house of God, and from his table. I can truly say it has been a profitable season. The name of Jesus was as ointment poured forth upon my soul—the discourse, truly encouraging, on "No weapon formed against thee shall prosper," &c. Well then, my soul, lift up thyself, and be strong. Let me bear reproaches and ridicule from an ungodly world. If I have the heritage of the servants of the Lord, and the righteousness which is of him, all will be well. If my righteousness was of myself, it would be tarnished every day by sin, and would appear as a polluted garment; but Christ's righteousness, which covers his believing people, is pure and spotless, and cannot be defiled; though cast over a sinful soul, sin cannot touch it—sin has nothing to do with it, any more than it had to do with the holy nature of the Son of God. It is righteousness itself—the righteousness of God. O Lord, make this righteousness mine, by thy holy imputation! and may the effect be peace with thee, and abiding peace in my own conscience.

Into thy hands I commit the keeping of my soul and body, that thou shouldest sanctify me wholly to thyself, O Lord.'

SEPT. 10. 'Have been greatly privileged to-day, having attended the means of grace four times. I do not know when I have had such a full day. I trust I can say, that they have been all precious and profitable opportunities to my soul. I have been much hurt, however, owing to the prospect of a division in the church. Oh! how changeable are all things connected with time! How the true church of Christ is harassed about in this militant state! What a mercy the Lord changeth not. Jesus, the head of the church, "is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever:" but it cannot be said thus of the professing members of the church. Oh, how ought this to teach me to look more to Christ, the head, and to "cease from man, for wherein is he to be accounted of?" Here I find, that I must not only hold my *earthly* comforts with a light hand, but my spiritual comforts likewise, as far, at least, as they are derived through means. Thus it is in the church militant; but it will not be thus in the church triumphant above—here is no rest; but thanks be to God for the rest that remaineth. But does that rest remain for me?—is it reserved in heaven for me? am I really one of the people of God? am I interested in the new covenant? I hope I am; and my hope rests on the merits of a crucified Saviour. Oh Calvary, if I forget Calvary, "let my hand forget her cunning, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth;" yea, let my heart cease to beat.'

SEPT. 17. 'I have experienced many mercies during the past week, for which I desire to be grateful to that God who has preserved me from all dangers.

I enter on the Sabbath; but under different feelings from what I did on the last—yet I trust I can say, light has sprung up at even-tide. The Lord has appeared for me. I trust I am not deceiving myself.’

‘The subject this evening came home to my soul with great power. The text was, “Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil.” It is of no use to go out to meet the enemy in our own armour; we must have the armour of God—if we attempt the fight alone, we are vanquished, and fall, and lie before the enemy like Sampson, who lost that in which his great strength lay. He could perform no acts of valour while he remained like another man; it was only when he possessed the strength that was supernatural that he was unconquerable. I have had many battles to fight in this vale of tears; many enemies to encounter. I have felt my own weakness, and have found it no easy matter to resist temptation. The attacks of the enemy, who is continually about us, when we lie down, and when we rise up; when we walk abroad, and when we are in the closet; in fact, he is too near our bosom, and has every advantage from within, owing to the corruption of our hearts. To encounter such an enemy, and under such circumstances, requires strength more than human—nothing short of the armour of God’s providing will do for such an encounter, with this, and this only, can we overcome. May I be enabled to put on this armour, and not boast as he that putteth it off, for I have not only to fight to-day, but to-morrow, and to the end of life; for if one foe be vanquished, there is another in the field. I have often found, that when I have got over one temptation, ere I was at rest, another presented itself with new vigour, threatening to have the

ascendancy over me. I find it needful to be ever on the watch-tower, watching the movements of the enemy. Lord, give me the victory, and hasten the time when it shall be my happy privilege to put off the armour, and receive the crown: but let me not act the coward, nor quit the field, till thou, the Captain of my salvation, see fit to discharge me from this warfare.'

SEPT. 24. 'I have endured much pain and affliction during the past week; but still a monument of mercy. I am deprived of attending the public means of grace to-day, but have the throne to approach to as heretofore, where I can meet with the children of God in spirit, if I cannot be bodily present with them. My mind has been much on the rack and greatly tortured, but I begin to feel more calm. I desire to have my mind stayed upon God, who has promised to keep his people in perfect peace. I have had a happy afternoon; the world has been shut out for a while, and I have had much enjoyment with God. I have read some part of the description of the people of God; as a chosen people, a peculiar people, a holy people, a penitent people, a tried people, and yet a happy people. They are as soldiers engaged in a hard warfare; they have not only to fight against the common enemy, but against self; against their own corrupt nature. The enemy is strong; I find it will not do to lay aside my weapon—no, not for an hour. I must always be on the watch-tower, for the enemy is always on his. Here I have no rest for the sole of my foot—here I have no continuing city—I must still go on, till I arrive at the promised rest.'

OCT. 8. 'Have had a profitable opportunity this morning. Text, "They looked unto him, and were enlightened, and their faces were not ashamed." I

learned that afflictions are the lot of the children of God. "In the world, ye shall have tribulation." "It is through much tribulation that they enter the kingdom;" but hereafter they shall be partakers of the glory of Christ. The Saviour passed through sufferings and afflictions, from the womb to the grave, and all on our account. He endured sore affliction and tribulation; so much so, that in the garden he cried out, "if it be possible, let this cup pass from me"—but hark, he adds, "not my will, but thine be done." Well, then, did Jesus suffer, and shall I be exempt? did he suffer patiently and resignedly, and shall I rebel under affliction, and charge God foolishly? Oh no—help me, Lord, to look up to thee, that I may be enlightened and encouraged, and be made willing to bear whatever thou art pleased to lay upon me. Thou openest the windows of heaven to thy praying people, and suppliest all their wants; but thou wilt be inquired of, that thy name may be glorified. May I ever be found unceasingly exercising fervent and effectual prayer—that I may not take a mere glance, but continue to be looking unto Jesus. "For whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none on earth that I desire beside thee." Thou wilt not disappoint the look of faith. And now I am come to the close of another Sabbath—how quickly they come and go! Oh, how I long for the eternal Sabbath, in which I shall never sin, but shall behold my Saviour's face in righteousness, and be like him for ever.'

OCT. 22. 'Had the privilege last Tuesday evening of attending the prayer meeting, where I heard an old servant of God, of forty years' standing in the divine life; and afterwards had an interesting interview with him, and received great comfort and instruction

from his conversation. He is one of what is called the old school; and in all my intercourse with professors, I find the best Christians to be of that school—it appears to me to be the school of Christ.

‘Another Sabbath is nearly closed. Oh my soul, return unto the Lord. I have heard Mr. Mortimer to-day, and found his discourse, which was from Hosea xiv. calculated both for reproof and encouragement. Peace, to which I am sometimes a stranger, was sent to me; for I lament to say, that I do not enjoy that continual peace which some have the happiness to experience—I feel so much backsliding in heart, which frequently destroys my peace. I pray that I may be enabled to hold fast by Christ; but, unless Christ holds *me*, I shall not maintain my standing. What a mercy, when we cry out, oh sin, what hast thou done? that we can also cry, oh Jesus, what hast thou done? The people of God often fall by their iniquities; but God says, “I will heal their backslidings, when they return to me, for mine anger is turned away from them.” This could not be, were not God pacified for all that they have done, by the sufferings and death of Jesus. Blessed be his name; he receives graciously, without reproaching, or adding one upbraiding word. “He loves freely.” Sin is the Christian’s greatest burden: he cannot be happy under it; but when washed and cleansed in the fountain of the Saviour’s blood, this he finds to be the source of peace. May this be my experience day by day, for “every moment, Lord, I need the merits of thy death.”’

Nov. 6. ‘Blessed be the Lord, I have enjoyed much peace through Jesus Christ, my Lord, for some days past. I find the advantage of living near to God

in prayer, and of committing every thing relating to myself and others into his hands, who ordereth all things right, according to the counsel of his own will. Yesterday was the Sabbath, and I had the privilege of attending the Lord's table, and a precious opportunity it was to my soul. I was led to see more of my own vileness than ever, and more of the love of God in Christ Jesus, without whom I must perish. "Black in myself (as the Church of old speaks) but comely in him," who is my "wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption."

'Winter is now fast approaching, and I am in tolerable health at present; what a miracle of mercy am I! I am enabled to go to the house of God through all weather, without sustaining any injury to my health. When it is recollected how it has been with me, it is scarcely believed by some that I am the same person—'I am indeed a wonder unto many.' Why am I thus raised! Why not now in the silent tomb: oh, may the life and breath that now remains be spent in the service of him who has done so much for me. "The Lord has not given my soul as a prey, but has delivered it out of the hands of the fowler," and I have escaped out of the enemy's hand. Lord, bless me! and yet deliver me from every evil work, and preserve me unto thy heavenly kingdom and glory, through Jesus Christ. Amen.'

Nov. 10. 'There is one born into this family. May the life given, and the life spared, be for the glory of God; and that both the mother and child may be engrafted into Christ, the true vine, and so become living branches. I have been to the sanctuary this evening, though much fatigued, owing to that which has taken place, as above alluded to; and I found rather a barren

opportunity. The means appeared to be a dry source, most likely the fault was not in the means, but in myself. I sometimes think that if my faith is now so feeble, what shall I do when I come to the swellings of Jordan; for I must not lose sight of that, neither of the period nor of the event itself, although my health is so much restored. Lord, grant me strength equal to my day—let thy grace be sufficient for me, so that ‘the greater the struggle,’ the brighter the crown.’

Nov. 12. ‘Again, I bless God for preserving mercy to the present period. I think I am the greatest miracle of mercy out of hell. Surely if I had my desert, I should now be where hope never comes. Oh, the height, and depth, and length, and breadth of the love of God, which passeth knowledge. I have been to the house of God twice to-day, but found no comfort until the evening; I was so cold and wretched in my mind, that I was like a stone among the Lord’s people; but at evening the Lord met with me, and gave me to feel somewhat of the blessedness of those who know the joyful sound—yet I have felt to-night a great fear of death, lest I should sink. Oh, my unbelieving heart! I ought to know that if I am in Christ I am as safe as if I were in heaven. But I have thought to-day, surely I cannot be one of the family of God, because I felt my heart untouched and unmoved at the description of the tragical scene on Mount Calvary. I thought, if I am a child of God, why feel so indifferent while hearing of the agonies which my Lord endured for my sins and transgressions! Yet I am sensible of all this insensibility—would it be so if I were still in a state of nature? The Lord teach me to know my true condition, and give me to feel, as I ought, my own insensibility, and enable me to look to that very Saviour of whom I have been hear-

ing, who groaned on Calvary under the weight of all his people's sins, which were charged upon him.'

DEC. 13. 'I have been much exercised during the past month, and feel myself too weak to endure so much exertion. The evening is my time of leisure, but when evening has arrived I have felt so fatigued, that I have been unable, even to write, and have been glad to retire to rest. I have, however, during this interval, had many delightful opportunities in the house of God, which I have much enjoyed; as also in private meditation and prayer. Although I have not been able to sit up after the fatigues of the day, yet I could commune with my own heart upon my bed, while my poor body was at rest. At the last ordinance, the Lord was pleased to make himself known to me in the breaking of bread, and to shew me that his body was broken and his blood shed for me. As in nature, so it has been with me alternately; morning and evening, light and shade—sometimes on the mount, at other times in the valley. May I enjoy more of the Lord's presence, and partake more of his fulness while I go on my way through this waste howling wilderness. May I overcome all temptations and trials by the help of his grace, which is all-sufficient; and wait the arrival of the period when I shall have done with the conflict. May I be ready for him who hath said—"Behold I come quickly, even so, (may I say) come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." Then wilt thou fulfil thy promise to them that overcome, by giving them a seat on thy throne,

'Oh, glorious hour! oh, blest abode!
I shall be near, and like my God.'

DEC. 18. 'I have long thought of devoting myself to Sunday-school teaching: now that I am able to

walk about and engage in other things, I must do something for him who has done so much for me: my time is short, and I must improve it, not only for my own benefit, but for the good of others and for the glory of God. I know not that I can be better engaged, than to teach the young the fear of God, and the importance and advantage of early piety. All children have not godly parents; may I, among others, be enabled to act the parents' part towards a portion of the rising generation. Accordingly, I was admitted a teacher in the Sunday-school yesterday,—may the Lord prosper my work, and bless my labours among the children for the good of their souls; and whilst I am engaged in conveying instruction to them, may my own soul be profited, and receive a rich supply of knowledge and spiritual understanding from the spirit of God. I am however greatly opposed in this undertaking by my persecutor; but if I am persecuted for Christ's sake, and for his cause, I will account it a high honour, and may I be the more encouraged in the work in proportion to the opposition I meet with. I see clearly that I shall be much harassed in mind as well as in body; may the Lord strengthen and support me, and so may I experience the fulfilment of the promise, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be."

DEC. 24. 'The Christmas season reminds us of the close of the year; shall I see the close of the present which is fast approaching? and if not, have I reason to hope that there is laid up for me a crown of glory in the heavenly Jerusalem, which fadeth not away—where years never end, rather, where eternity reigns without the measurement of time. Solemn thought! save myself I cannot, but I have heard and know of one who is mighty to save, even to the utter-

most. Christ has said "Without me, ye can do nothing," but here is the consolation, "Through him we can do all things." He had to skip over mountains and hills of sin and guilt by his own power and strength. We can surmount, what would otherwise be insurmountable temptations, sharp and strong. We can conquer, yea, more than conquer, through Christ strengthening us; so long as the heart is in the right place, and faith is fixed upon the right object. Holy Spirit of God! make known to me that strength in my weakness, that I, who have many temptations to encounter, may come off victorious. Leave me one moment, and I shall fall, hold thou me up and I shall be safe.'

DEC. 25. 'I have been to-day with the school to Mr. Fletcher's, where I had an interesting opportunity. It was truly pleasing to see so many children congregated together in one place, and especially to see them so attentive to the preacher. May much good result from such services to the rising generation. I have seen a remarkable instance of the work of the Spirit upon the heart of one of the most gross and profane sinners that ever lived; a short time ago, he could not speak without an oath—blaspheming the name of God, and totally under the influence of the spirit that worketh in the hearts of the children of disobedience. Now to hear a man speak profanely strikes him with horror, nor can he suffer the name of his Lord and Saviour to be dishonoured, nor his cause abused without revolting feelings: now his whole delight is in the service of God, in prayer and in praise. Lord, carry on this thy great work, and may it redound to the glory of thy holy name.'

DEC. 31. 'I am not so happy at the close of this year as I could wish; time is flying—a few moments

more, and I enter on another year. In looking back, I have to recount many mercies received from the hand of a good and gracious God. Oh, had I my deserts, where should I be at this moment? not on earth, but in hell. But why such mercy, Lord, to me?—mercy which flows from thy love alone. I have seen some changes during the year, and am about to experience a change with which to begin a new year. My Father quits his house in Stewart street to-morrow. I could have wished to have ended my days in this house, if it had been the Lord's will: for in this house the Lord first manifested himself to my soul. I should like to spend my last breath in the same room; it may be so, even now, but of this there is no human probability. But not only are we about to leave this habitation in which we have seen so many passing events during a period perhaps the most important of my father's life; but we are about to leave London also, my father having accepted a situation at Coggeshall, in Essex. My mind is much affected at this change, though I am fully persuaded it is for the best. I find it a hard struggle with my will to say, 'Lord, thy will be done.' I say the words, but I want to feel them coming from my heart; that my will might really and truly bow to his, which is best. The clock has struck twelve; and I enter on a new series of time. May I set out afresh for heaven! Lord, direct me! May I be found in the way thou hast appointed to me; and pursue the path, which thou hast marked out, without murmuring or repining.'

FEB. 27, 1827. 'I am now settled at Coggeshall. I must acknowledge that I came here as unwillingly as the ox goes to the slaughter; or, as it is expressed by the prophet, 'like a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke.' I have gone forward with reluctance; but I

have borne the trial, however, through mercy; and desire now to lie passive in the hands of Him who has brought me hither, and to bow, with resignation, to the Divine will. I know not what is appointed for me in this place, all appears dark at present; but I have committed myself to him who hath set the bounds of my habitation. I feel uncomfortable on the Sabbath-day, not having my London privileges. What I have as yet heard in this place, is not like what I have been accustomed to hear from my beloved pastor. I felt greatly encouraged by the conversation I had with him a short time before I left London; I found it a profitable visit, and was much comforted; and I must say, in truth, I have not found the ministry of any man so much blessed to my soul as that of his. But, O Lord, keep me from the temptation of leaning on an arm of flesh! May I look, above the instrument, to Thee that giveth the sound. May I consider well thy design by this providence; that it is to teach me to live nearer to Thee; to draw me off from the creature; to loosen me from the world; and to teach me the uncertainty of all things that are bounded by time. "Here is no continuing city; but there is one to come."

MARCH 4. 'I am deprived of the privilege this day of attending the Lord's table, being many miles distant from the place where I united in fellowship and communion with the people of God. This reminds me of a remark a good man (now in glory) once made: 'the Christian,' said he, 'ought always to have the Lord's table spread before his eyes.' May I then this evening, while alone, be enabled to view him by faith who died to procure my peace, and who is now the source of sacred joy and consolation!

I heard an excellent sermon this morning, which I enjoyed more than I have any one, since I have been in this place. It was on the power of God; and, in the afternoon, by the same minister (who supplied for the stated minister of the chapel whom I have not yet heard), on the fall of Peter. Oh! when resolutions are made without looking up to God for strength to perform them, this is highly criminal; the result is sure to be fatal to them. I have found this to be the case myself; but the Lord, in his long suffering mercy, has borne with me; and, by his grace, I continue unto this day. Lord, look on me, the chief of sinners, through the blood of Christ; and accept of me through him who is my advocate with Thee, and who is the propitiation for my sins.'

MARCH 11. 'I have heard to-day the stated Minister of the meeting (a Mr. Wells); but did not seem at home: perhaps I shall like him better at the next hearing. Went, in the afternoon, to the parish church, where I found great comfort. That favorite hymn, 'Come, and welcome, to Jesus Christ,' was sung delightfully at the opening of the service. The Vicar, who generally delivers good sermons, delivered one on this occasion, on the sufferings of Christ, more particularly his sufferings in the garden of Gethsamene, where he poured out his soul in anguish. Oh! was this endured for me? Were these groans for me? Was it for me he prayed to the Father? Once I knew him not—once rejected him, and received him not; but I trust I can say, the Lord has made me willing in the day of his power; and has enabled me to flee to the strong hold. My defence is in this mountain. Oh! lead me to this rock continually.'

MARCH 25. 'It was five years yesterday, since I lost

my dear mother, whose memory is still dear to me. But why should I wish her back again in this world of sin and sorrow—her death is my loss; but to her, unspeakable gain—parted for a short period only; I trust we shall meet again! But ah! of what avail would that meeting be, if I saw not Jesus there; it would be no heaven to me!—no happiness to me! Oh, now anxious should I be to behold Him, whom by my sins I have pierced, coming to receive me into that heavenly kingdom where he reigns in glory everlasting. Oh, when will this be!—this consummation of my bliss! I care not how soon the hour of my departure arrives, having such a hope! The afflicting hand, or rather perhaps I should say, the chastening hand of God, has been upon me some few days past; and I was led to entertain the hope that the wished-for hour was drawing near; but the Lord has said to my disease, “Hitherto shall ye go, but no further.”

APRIL 1. ‘I have been introduced to the Minister of the chapel, who kindly permitted me to partake of the ordinance with his church. I feel more reconciled to the place, than at first I thought I should; the Lord having appeared gracious unto me. I found Mr. Wells’ ministry very profitable to-day. Text this morning was, “How many are my iniquities and my sins; make me to know my transgressions and my sins.” Job. xiii. From which he shewed the necessity of knowing the depravity of our own hearts, without which we should never seek for pardon, nor feel the need of a Saviour. The Christian feels this need every moment—“Search me and try me, O God, and see if there be any evil way in me,” (alas, there is much evil) “and lead me in the way, the paths of righteousness, for thy name’s sake.”

APRIL 15. 'Oh that I once more had my London privileges. I feel so lifeless and cold in the house of God : I receive so little of the heavenly manna, so little of the honey out of the rock. But surely it is this evil heart of unbelief that strips me of many comforts, and deprives me of many happy moments, which I should otherwise enjoy. I have thought that if I had been hearing my own beloved pastor, I should have profited more ; but it might have been just the same, as I ought to recollect, it has often been in times past. Besides, this would be, to depend more on the instrument, instead of looking to Jesus for a blessing. O God, look down upon me in mercy and compassion, raise a flame of sacred love in this cold heart of mine, and bid my murmuring spirit cease to complain. If I consider my present state to be a cross, may it ultimately prove a blessing, though in disguise. My father, with the consent of the Vicar, has commenced a Sunday evening lecture at the workhouse, there being no evening service at the church. Thus, while the poor will have the gospel preached to them under their own roof, many of the inhabitants of the town will have with them the opportunity of hearing words whereby they may be saved. The room appropriated for this service is very commodious, and will hold, I should think, about two hundred persons. May we soon see it well filled, and may souls be converted by the power of the gospel of the blessed God.'

APRIL 22. 'I think I can say with thankfulness, that I have found it good to be in the house of God to-day. Mr. Wells preached rather out of his usual strain ; at least, according to my view of it. Ministers do not always preach with the same happy liberty, any more than the people hear at all times so as to profit ;

but it is a good thing to hear at all times with a teachable spirit. The text was, "He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver," &c. He compared the people of God, according to the metaphorical language of the text, to silver or gold. There is something about these metals which requires purification. There is much dross in those in whom grace is implanted, which requires to be cleared away; much of self, which must be removed, ere they can offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness. Every process of this purification is painful. With regard to the precious metal, it requires the most powerful element—fire. So there is the furnace of affliction, of some kind or other, into which the believer is cast. This is painful; but then it is but for a moment. What are the effects produced? "the peaceable fruits of righteousness," an eternal weight of glory, a meetness for immortality, and for the enjoyment of the presence of God in heaven. The road from evil to good is a thorny road. The sacrifice must be eaten with bitter herbs; but Jesus Christ is the purifier; that is our mercy to be in his hands. He sits to watch the fire, lest it should prove too hot and consume us; he moderates the furnace, that it be no more powerful than we are able to bear; yet he sits to see that we have enough to cleanse the dross away. By and by he will present his people faultless before his Father, in the day when he makes up his jewels, "not having spot or blemish, or any such thing." So let it be with me, O Lord. May every pain I feel be so sanctified, to the weaning my affections from every thing earthly; and thus may they work out for me, under thy own direction, "an exceeding and eternal weight of glory." And so may it be, that every time I am cast into the furnace, having

been in it as long as infinite wisdom see fit, may I come forth as gold tried, but not consumed, and fitted for the Master's use.'

MAY 3. 'The sun is now setting below the horizon—with what reluctance do we see it go down! Oh, when shall I be where the sun will rise to set no more; where there will be no darkness, but one eternal day—nothing to disturb or trouble; all will be calm; no more storms to interfere with the pleasures of contemplation—no, the sun of righteousness will ever be shining around me; I shall never have to lament his loss, for he will never be hid from my view: no unbelieving heart to vex there, no tempting devil to harass, but all will be peace and tranquillity. O my soul, will this be thy bliss, to be with Jesus for ever? O Lord, make me one of the jewels, which thou wilt make up in that day. Last Sabbath was a feast-day to my soul; I began the day in the enjoyment of sacred peace with God. I have since been in the valley, from which I have seen the pleasantness of the mount.'

MAY 6. 'Have just beheld a man, who is destitute of the grace of God, leaning over the railings of his garden in a very idle posture. The Sabbath appears to be a burden to him; the minutes seem to be hours, which to the Christian is quite the reverse. The man has no divine subject on which to meditate; he neither knows nor feels the preciousness of Christ as a Saviour—he turns a deaf ear to all the invitations of the gospel. There is in Christ no form nor comeliness, that he should love him; on the contrary, he rejects and despises Christ, and those that follow him. But can that man be happy? no, he is wretched and miserable, though he will not acknowledge that to be the case. Oh, what has made me to differ? did I of myself seek

the pleasant ways and the paths of peace? No; there was a time when Jesus had no charms for me; but, as I have been reading this morning, "I was found of them that sought me not," so it was with me. But now, O Lord, let me seek thee in the ordinances of thy house to-day; at thy table may I see the beauties of my Saviour shine with all their glorious lustre, at least, as far as mortal eyes, or, rather, as much as faith can behold through this, comparatively, dark glass; and may I have the evidence of my interest in that blood which speaks peace from every vein.'

MAY 13. 'Too much taken up with the cares of this life, to have much time for retirement, since I have been in this place; too much like careful Martha: I have heard two excellent sermons to-day; one, in the morning, on the nature of sin, the depravity of the human heart, and the necessity of a Saviour; all of which we are ignorant of until enlightened by the Spirit of God. All is free grace to the guilty sinner.

'All the fitness he requires,
Is to feel our need of him.'

Unbelief often leads us to bemoan ourselves over our sinful state and condition, instead of looking to the only remedy, the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ. The subject in the afternoon was confidence in God, from Habakkuk. When all outward comforts fail, to be enabled to stand firm, to have our faith strong in the Lord, is a very comfortable frame of mind. It is the privilege of the children of God to look above earthly comforts, knowing they have a treasure in heaven, an enduring substance, which cannot be taken from them. While all is peace and prosperity, it is easy to sing with the prophet, "I will rejoice in the Lord," &c.;

not to do this in the darkest depths of adversity, this requires the faith of Job's servant.

MAY 17. I have to reproach myself with great negligence towards the grand concerns of the soul. When the season of retirement returns, I sometimes find it difficult "to grance a thought half-way to God." I want to be brought nearer to the cross, and to have more faith to rest upon it. I want this unbelief to be removed from my heart. I want directness of heart to the grand object: and not, as at present, wandering, like the fool's eye, in the smits of the earth. In a word, I want to be happy, and to live more to the glory of God: and, like Enoch, to walk with God. Oh, what a mercy, that I have a Saviour: a Saviour, who is ever interceding in the behalf of his tried and tempted people—were it not for this, I could not maintain my standing. O thou Spirit of God, lead me this day into the full enjoyment of my high privileges—let me never forsake the fountain of living waters, for in thy presence only have I joy.

My father seems quite at home in this place. His lecture at the workhouse is well attended: many go away for want of room—many find it good to be there. I trust this service will never be in vain.

JUNE 24. How fleeting is time—here is mid-summer, and the longest day is past. It seems but the other day since it was the shortest. How unwise it is in any to set their hearts on such a dying world, which is so rapidly passing away. Every striking hour tells to me that here is no continuing, no permanent rest. Oh, what a consolation to the soul is the assurance, that a rest remains, which time cannot impair. But ah, does it remain for me? In contemplating the rapidity of time, I behold myself a

monument of mercy—out of hell—spared to hope amidst the wreck of time. I look within, and there I see the workings of sin and unbelief; this sometimes produces doubts and fears, whilst, at all times, it shows me my own nothingness, and inability in myself to do good. I find the backslidings of my heart to be many; and instead of growing stronger and stronger I think I grow weaker and weaker. I desire to rejoice in God's salvation; for there is nothing beside that is worth rejoicing in—nothing but that, in which is displayed so much free, sovereign, and unmerited grace: such it is to me indeed, a guilty rebel. I have been reading Isaiah xiv., which closes with this beautiful declaration: "The Lord hath founded Zion." But for whom? For kings—for great and rich men—for those who trust in their own righteousness? Oh no; it is for the poor of God's people, who have nothing in themselves; "the poor of his people shall trust in it." The Lord has founded it; not man—this is mercy. Though my faith is not so strong, as to enable me to stand upon the top of Calvary's mount, and to say, "My Lord, and my God;" yet I can lie at the foot of the cross, and wait the sprinkling of the blood of Him who hath founded Zion, in which it is my privilege to trust.'

JULY 4. 'I have heard to-day some very trying news; I am not to continue here—my father is called to London:—the concern at Coggeshall over which he presides, is to be given up, owing to a dissolution of the firm. Surely, this is sufficient to teach the uncertainty of all things here below. For myself, I do not much regret the circumstance, because I have not been so happy as I have thought I should be, were I in London attending on the ministry of him under

whom I have so much profitted, and who has so often poured in the balm of consolation when pressed with guilt and sorrow, when without were fightings, and within were fears; but on my Father's account I am grieved, because he had thought himself settled;—yet he must submit to this, as he has been obliged to submit under equally and more trying dispensations. That which I think he will feel the most, will be, his removal from that service which he has established in this town, of the usefulness of which he has had so many proofs—and what is worse, there is no one in the town who will follow up what he has begun, so that the service will be discontinued altogether—for the Vicar is too much engaged in his sphere of action, and Mr. Wells is unable on account of his numerous engagements, so that nothing can be done for the people. This is not as it should be,—may the Lord raise up some one to testify the Gospel of the grace of God to that portion of the inhabitants of this town who have attended the labours of my father. May I see the hand of the Lord in this change of circumstances, and particularly as it regards myself—and I hope the change will prove to be in mercy—not in judgment.'

JULY 29. 'Hitherto the Lord hath helped me, and I am not consumed, under any circumstance—to be out of hell is mercy: instead of sinking in despair, I am permitted occasionally to feel that I am in the hands of a faithful God. Oh, that I could live more upon Christ, and less upon frames and feelings!—neither changes nor trials would affect me then, I should trust to his all-sufficient grace, that if the good work is begun, it will also be completed. May the good Spirit of God take of the things of Christ, and shew them unto me, and shew me also my interest in them; and may the

same good Spirit enable me to walk more worthy of my high vocation. May I feel more gratitude to him, who has appointed and maintained my lot to this moment. I have to say, that I have enjoyed more peace to-day, than I have for some Sabbaths past. I have been reading the chapter in Isaiah where it is recorded,—“Whoso walketh in darkness and hath no light, let him trust in the Lord, and stay himself upon his God.” Oh, may I be enabled to do this, and rejoice in the privilege of being permitted to look upwards to him who is able to save me out of all my fears.’

AUG. 5. ‘The Lord has again returned to me. This afternoon I hope to be at his table, where I trust I shall see the king in his beauty, and feel the efficacy of his peace-speaking blood. Oh, that my soul may be transformed into his image—may I feel more love to him “who loved me, and gave himself for me.” May my heart go out more after him—may my faith be strengthened, and all my doubts removed as to my interest in Jesus. May I sing with the Church, “my beloved is mine and I am his,” and while witnessing others going on their way rejoicing, may I experience the same confidence from the same source, and sing with the Poet—

‘I too to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given;
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven.’

AUG. 19. ‘How acceptable are a few moments of retirement from the toils and temptations of a sinful and dying world. The Lord has often met with me in secret, and manifested himself to me, as much as when I have been in the assembly of his people. It is a source of great grief to me, that I have not more time

for private devotion. I have heard some Christians say that they can, when hourly engaged in the cares and concerns of this world, and amidst all the bustle of life, meditate on spiritual things and hold communion with God: not so with me, I have not yet arrived at so high a state of eminence. I have been reading Isaiah lvi. where the Lord says to his regenerated people that attend his earthly courts, "that he will give them a name and a place, better than of sons and daughters." He calls them his children—may I be named his child. He gives them an inheritance in heaven—may that better place be mine. Lord, "thy house is called the house of prayer to all people," oh, make it *such* this day to me. May I find it nothing else but thy house, and the very gate of heaven to my soul. I will go to thy holy mountain,—may I be made joyful there, and be accepted in and through the beloved.'

AUG. 26. 'This is the last Sabbath, and indeed the last day that I shall spend in this place. When I look back upon the past week, and view the hand of God towards me in my down-sittings and my up-risings, I feel abashed at the little gratitude I manifest towards him, through whose mercy and grace I am yet out of hell. O Lord, write the law of gratitude upon my heart, and make me thy obedient child;—go with me where I go, and keep me from evil, for into thy hands I commit the keeping of my body, soul, and spirit, as into the hands of a faithful Creator.'

SEPT. 2. 'Thus I am passing through a changing world, for change is written upon all estates and conditions of human life. I am brought again to London, my native place, and here may I stay awhile if it be the Lord's will. I have been privileged this day in hearing my dear Pastor—such a sermon I think I

have not heard since I left London. I trust I do not speak this with prejudice: I have reason closely to examine myself upon this point. Let me ask myself also, what is my character and what is my state? oh, may I not only hear the word, but receive it, and bring forth fruit unto God. As the Lord has thus graciously dealt with me in bringing me here, may I make much of London privileges; but I do hope, that I shall not think too lightly of means and instruments, lest I should be removed from them or they from me; may I consider them as windows through which I may see the Lord. For I *can* say with Dr. Watts—

‘ I love the windows of thy grace,
Thro’ which my Lord is seen;
And long to see my Saviour’s face
Without a cloud between.’

SEPT. 25. ‘ I have been looking over my diary, to see how it has fared with my soul in times past. I find on many occasions sweet Ebenezers set up; when looking at these, I cannot help saying with Job, “ Oh, that it were with me as in months that are passed.” I should hardly think I was the same person, did I not read how often I have been in despondency, cast down, in darkness, and under temptation. Such has been my case for some days past, and the more I think of these things, the more do doubts and fears arise in my sorrowful heart. Let me examine myself—perhaps I do not live sufficiently near to God, or I do not look to Jesus so constantly as I ought; perhaps my affections are set too much upon earthly things—my mind too worldly—too much engaged in worldly things—“ leaving but half for God.” Can I call myself a child, if I am thus? When I seek to have intercourse with God as heretofore, the heavens appear as brass—and I am

so shut up in myself, that I am truly wretched. I think if I were called this night out of time, I should perish, with the sentence "depart, I never knew you." But this is my infirmity, I will remember the word upon which I have hoped, and will not quite despair of mercy. There is still a mercy-seat—there is balm in Gilead still. The fountain is yet open; if I stay away I must die; I will go to Calvary, "and if I perish, there I will die." But Christ has said of his people—"they shall never perish, neither shall any one pluck them out of his hands." Blessed words for me! Jesus is the source whence peace and pardon flow: I have been to him before, I will go to him again. Lord, help me to fix mine eyes on thee! on thee may I hope: confirm my hope of heaven. Oh, if I knew that I should have the meanest place there, if there be such a distinction in heaven, I would willingly resign my fleeting breath this night, that I might freely breathe in heaven.'

OCT. 7. "God is my refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble" and temptation.

'Christ knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.'

It is well for the Christian, that Jesus Christ was God, as well as man, when he entered on the work of human redemption—he knows what a sore enemy his people have to encounter; but Satan can do no more than tempt them—destroy the flock he cannot; he seeks to destroy whom he may, and is trying hard for me, and continually worrying me; I trust he will never be permitted to overthrow me. If

'He trembles, when ye sees
The weakest saint upon his knees!'

I hope he trembles on my account. He need not tell me I deserve hell—I know it—but I am out of hell through mercy! Oh, what a mercy, that the gifts and callings of God are without repentance! God never repents of making his people the subjects of Divine grace. Am I the subject of this grace? if not, I must perish. Oh, may my heart be warmed with holy love to him who has loved me! Lord, grant new life and energy to all my powers! and may they be consecrated thine. Make me a burning and shining light to thy glory. This is the first sabbath in the month, may I have a refreshing view of the sufferings of Christ at his table this evening; may my heart burn within me while sitting there; may every worldly and unholy thought be banished from my mind; may every thing be esteemed as dross, and nothing-worth, when compared with Christ. Oh, may he be to me “the chiefest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely.”

OCT. 14. ‘Another week has rolled away, and brought me nearer to eternity. Am I prepared, should I be called this week to enter on that eternal state? Should I not be found wanting? Yes, in myself; but not in my Surety! Happy thought! but, at the same time, humbling thought! Surely, if there is one place more humble in the mansions of eternal bliss than another, and I am admitted there, that lowest place will be mine; and content indeed shall I be to fill it, so that I am but in the presence of Jesus. Last sabbath evening I felt a little on the mount. I found the ordinance a profitable and delightful service: ‘It was the house of God indeed, and the gate of heaven’ to my soul. I thought, if I could but lay down this corruptible body at that moment, what a happy

exchange it would have been to have had mortality swallowed up of real life? Lord, let me taste thy love to-day; and may I have thy table ever before me.'

Nov. 4. 'I sometimes find a greater readiness to enter upon the business of time, than on that of eternity; quick in fulfilling temporal engagements, but slow towards those that are spiritual. Oh, how loth to enter on the profitable employment of examination of this evil heart! I have been to the house of God, and heard a discourse rich in consolation—text, "wherein ye greatly rejoice; though now, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations."

'This is descriptive of my present experience. I am in heaviness through many temptations; but now I see the design. It is for the trial of faith, and of every other grace. Faith or grace in general, may be compared to gold. Gold is a precious metal; but it will not—it cannot redeem the soul. I pass through fiery trials; but am not destroyed, any more than the gold which passes through the furnace. May I, like that, be purified; and thus may I have the evidence that the work of God, in the soul, can never be destroyed by trials, or afflictions, or any thing else.'

Nov. 11. 'No permanent rest yet. I thought to have been settled awhile in this habitation; but the cloudy pillar is taken up, and we must follow to another appointed for us by Him who hath set the bounds of our habitation. To-morrow we remove to Crispin-street. Oh, were it the will of God, that my next remove might be to the heavenly habitation'

¹ This, her wish, was granted; for here she died.

which is everlastingly fixed, and from which there will be no remove! Oh, to be for ever with the Lord! to go out no more for ever—no mourning an absent God there—no unbelieving fears; but I shall possess a nature, into which sin cannot enter, nor disturb the peace which will there be enjoyed. But ah! what mean conceptions—what low views and ideas—comparatively, do we form of that world of bliss; for who can tell, or conceive, what is laid up for the people of God. Oh blessed state of those who can now clearly read their title to those heavenly mansions! who know they have an interest in the eternal inheritance—the purchased possession through the blood of Jesus Christ. Oh, may I live nearer to God than ever! May I be more frequently in my closet, examining my own heart, searching the Scriptures, and holding communion with God. This is the way to enjoy more peace; to have clearer evidences of the good work having been begun in me; and to obtain greater confidence, that it will be carried on, and completed in the day of Jesus Christ. Oh! what a mercy that there is no condemnation to the soul for whom Christ shed his precious blood! that there are so many great and precious promises on which to trust! O Lord, help me to believe that thou wilt fulfil them all! And now let thy presence go with me; for thy presence is better than life; and, in behalf of the family, as well as of myself, I would say, “If thy presence go not with us to our new habitation, carry us not up hence.”

Nov. 25. ‘This is the first opportunity I have had, since my removal to this habitation, of writing down the Lord’s dealings with me. I have to record that he is still gracious; but oh, how ungrateful am I for

the many mercies I have received at his hands! Instead of being hurried into eternity, as I might have been amidst the cares and bustle of the past week. — A strong monument of sparing mercy. Oh! how long-suffering, and tender mercy, shown towards me so unworthy! Mysterious grace! and how well he is kept by the power of God, through faith, into everlasting salvation." I have had delightful opportunities to-day. In the morning, under an aged minister, who brought forth some very plain but beautiful truths, from 1 Peter, chap. 1, from 4th to the 13th verse. Every verse is a sermon: and, as the good man said, and which I have often noticed, 'the Word of God is spoiled by adding comments, where the Word of God contains so much beauty, and so many rich consolations and lessons of instruction.' Heard Mr. Mortimer this afternoon, who was very encouraging to a persecuted soul: and very solemn and alarming to the persecutor. Oh, may I never be ashamed of owning my Lord! May I be enabled to stand firm for the cause of Christ! There are those in the little circle in which I move, who I believe, from my soul, would overthrow me if they could; but may I bear all opposition firmly: and, in the spirit of a Christian, may I conduct myself as to put to silence the ignorance of those who are fools to themselves.'

Nov. 29. 'I have been in company with a few friends this evening, but could not get into religious conversation. One lady appeared altogether hostile to true piety; earthly pleasures and earthly pursuits were her favourite topics, in which she considered there was no harm—no sin. Oh, thought I at that moment, I would not exchange my state for yours; no, not for ten thousand worlds. Low as I feel, and dark as I

am at times, yet I have a little hope too—a hope I would not exchange for all the worldlings' pleasures, nor for all their stores.'

DEC. 4. 'I have attended the Church meeting this evening, and a sorrowful meeting I have found it. Our dear and beloved Pastor is about to remove from us. This circumstance I feel most sensibly, and the more so as he is about to leave England also. His memory will ever be dear to my heart. How often when pressed with grief, I have gone to the sanctuary where he has laboured, and have found every sentence that has dropped from his lips come home to my own case. Every private interview that I have had with him, I have found at once profitable, instructive, and consoling. But these happy seasons have passed away and are gone. I think my mind was never more wretched than at the present moment: I feel the trial to be almost insupportable. But let me reflect a moment, What is he? The Minister of God, the under Shepherd only—not the chief Shepherd—blessed be His name, He is ever with his Church, as he has promised, "Lo! I am with you always, even to the end of the world." Still I esteem the servant of Christ very highly for his work's sake; I have reason to do so, because his ministry under God has been so beneficial to me, alike for comfort and for caution; for instruction and consolation, and for building me up in the faith of Christ crucified, and of all the essential truths of the everlasting Gospel. O Lord, thou Shepherd and Bishop of souls, appear in mercy for me: thou hast said, "I will surely do thee good," fulfil thy promise now, O Lord.'

DEC. 9. 'I have been engaged in the school nearly the whole of this day, I trust I can say, the Lord has visited me. Next to the services of the Sanctuary, I

love the employment in the school ; yea, I often sacrifice the former for the latter. Not that in keeping the vineyard of others, I would wholly neglect my own ; I trust I have my reward in my work. Heard my Pastor this morning with a heavy heart, as every sermon he delivers may be the last. When I look on him and think he is no longer my Pastor, the thought fills my heart with sorrow. Yet I think I can say, that I have been this day somewhat lifted up above the creature, to the great Master of assemblies. I know that after a few more stormy seasons of life are passed over, these afflictions, and bereavements, and disappointments will for ever cease. The sermon was from Galatians iii. 21. Oh, if I had to look to the moral law for salvation, where would be my hope, what consolation can the law afford the violater of it ? Blessed be God for the Gospel which reveals, how the law has been fulfilled by Jesus Christ : that he is the justifier of his people. Every commandment he obeyed, and suffered for every crime, that his people might hate sin and love the law of God after the inward man.

‘ To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly.’

And may thy Spirit write thy law within my heart, that I may not depart from thee.’

DEC. 16. ‘ Have to-day followed a dear little infant to the silent tomb. A lesson of improvement may be drawn, even from looking on the corpse of a babe. The moment man begins to live, from that moment he begins to die. When the people of the world are admonished to think of death, they reply, ‘ It is time enough yet.’ Unthinking mortals thus to speak ; when at the very moment they speak so, they are actually

dying—and know not but the next breath they draw may be the last. But to the true heaven-born soul, death is a vanquished foe; not by human merit, but by the merits of a crucified Saviour. He has burst the bars asunder, that his people may pass through the valley unhurt.’

DEC. 23. ‘How fluctuating are frames and feelings. This morning I was all light and joy—experienced much of the divine presence—was comfortable and happy. This afternoon all is dark within, and I feel unfit for the work that lies before me. I have to instruct the children,—that work in which I so much delight. But how shall I converse with them on this occasion—What questions shall I put to them? Lord, teach me, and may thy Holy Spirit guide me into all the truth as it is in Jesus, that I may teach these children in the way in which they should go; and may these dear children be the Lord’s. May they be found to the praise and honour and glory of God at the appearing of Jesus Christ.’

JAN. 6, 1828. ‘Another year has commenced, and who can tell what is to be unfolded in providence during the year on which we have now entered. When I look back upon the many vicissitudes of the past year, I cannot but see the hand of God in all the changing scenes that have taken place. I am compelled to say, “This is not my rest,” and a mercy that it is not my portion, at least I trust not; for this changing sinful world would be a poor beggarly portion indeed for the Christian,—“If in this life only we have hope, we are of all men most miserable.” I have during the past week, and am at this moment, suffering great sorrow of heart on account of an enemy that has appeared amongst us at the school. I little thought on Chris-

mas evening that we had a Judas amongst us, when we were engaged in social prayer and praise, and had so much interesting conversation together—all was peace and unity, apparently amongst us: but suddenly a cloud comes over us, at first no bigger than a man's hand, but at length it covers the whole hemisphere of our little society. This no doubt is raised up by Satan for the purpose of producing discord and unhappiness in the church; but I trust it will be overruled for some good end by infinite Wisdom. In fact I am sure the Lord would not permit it to take place if there was not some good to issue from it: I mean to our own souls individually. I trust we shall be taught, at least, not to put confidence in the creature who is subject to change, but in God who changeth not, neither is weary, for "He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." These blessed words were preached from, this evening, and I thought they came very appropriately. I enjoyed much at the ordinance, and felt much of my Master's presence there. The word was directed to my heart, and I found it very encouraging. What a mercy that when the weaklings of the flock are so weary, that they cannot go to Christ—cannot walk to him: yet they can fall into his arms, for Jesus will receive them; what a mercy to be kept at the foot of the cross! The trial with which my mind is exercised, has brought me nearer to God, made me more earnest in prayer, desirous of more holy intercourse with him, and to live more on the promises of his word: may they revive my heart more and more, may this trial make them more sweet, may it give more life to prayer, may I be laid low at the Redeemer's feet: perhaps I have need of something to bring me low, for I have been somewhat lifted-up of late. I was beginning to

doubt the safety of my state—my interest in divine things, because I had been some time without a trial; but I have not been permitted to be troubled long on this score, here is a trial, and here is consolation to enable me to bear it. But the chimes at the Church are playing for twelve o'clock. The Sabbath is ended. Another day has commenced. May I now retire to rest, leaning on all-sufficient grace, on an arm that will not fail. May I be enabled to come up out of the world continually, leaning on my beloved Saviour.'

JAN. 13. 'Still harassed in my mind on account of the discord that has arisen in the school; I am so miserable, that I am almost tempted to give it up; but how can I do this, while I find the work prospering in my hands, which is a sufficient encouragement for me to keep on. Lord, direct me how to act at this juncture. May I sit still—unaffected by the surrounding storm. I have this day added to my labour, by entering on another engagement, namely, in distributing tracts in this district. I must work while it is day, there is a night coming wherein I shall not be able. I have met with great success—the people receive the tracts thankfully: may the reading of them be attended with the Divine blessing, to the good of their immortal souls. Heard the Minister this morning, who is a candidate for the pastoral office, from these words, "Happy art thou, O Israel, who is like unto thee, O people, saved by the Lord." From which he considered, first, the Source of Salvation; secondly, the subjects of it; and thirdly, the fruits of it. Blessed Lord, Thou art the Source of Salvation, make me evidently the subject of it, and may the fruits of it in my heart and life abound.'

JAN. 17. 'I have been to the prayer meeting this

evening, and had a blessed opportunity. I found it truly good to be there; while it lasted, it was like a little heaven below—but after it was over, the subject of the late disturbance was that on which the conversation turned. I would gladly have come away without speaking to any one, but it is hard to pass by our friends: this circumstance has been a source of great distress to the minds of many of us. Oh, these trifles, how they torture the soul, and destroy peace within as well as peace without! Lord, remove this evil from us, and enable us to look to thee for direction, for help and support under this trial. Oh, when shall I have done with time, when shall I leave this vale of tears, and be with my Saviour for ever! where trouble cannot enter, and the tongue of the enemy cannot reach; where there is no discordant note, but all is harmony and love! Lord, enable me to look above the things that trouble me, and may my trust be reposed in thee, thou covenant-keeping God.'

JAN. 20. 'Another day of rest is closing,—another foretaste of the eternal Sabbath; a few more Sabbaths on earth, and I shall have done with time. Oh, solemn thought! perhaps this night may be my last—but if in Christ, I am secure for eternity; worthy, through him, to receive a crown that fadeth not away. I have heard to-day many precious and important truths on which my soul can rest; they are rich in consolation. The subject in the morning was, "To give knowledge of salvation to his people, by the remission of their sins." Lord, grant to me this knowledge, may I have the evidence within of being one of thy family, and give evidence to those who are without, that I am called according to thy purpose.'

FEB. 3. 'I have had a delightful season this even-

ing at the house of God, and especially at the Lord's table. Such seasons are delightful at all times to a soul that desires nothing but Jesus. What an important station is a seat at the foot of the cross! here may I ever delight to sit, and feel the efficacy of that precious blood which flowed from Jesus' wounded side. Here, too, I may behold the love and compassion which beam in his countenance, and which flow from his heart. These will break the rock within, these will melt the stony heart, when brought home by the power of the Spirit of God. The highly-coloured tragical representation of man will not do this; but the simple act of faith upon the representation of the sufferings of Christ by the Spirit, this will have an abiding effect; whilst the effect produced by the ingenuity of man is only the transient emotion of natural feeling. Oh, may the delightful truths held forth this evening on the love and regard which Christ bears towards his people, be greatly blessed to my soul. Had the pleasure of seeing one sit down with us for the first time,—another seal to the ministry of him who is about to leave us. This individual was called under a sermon preached by our Pastor a short time since—surely this circumstance ought to encourage him to go on. Oh, I can scarcely endure the thought of his leaving; but, O Lord, do what seemeth good in thy sight, look into my heart at this moment, and see if it is not my desire that thy will may be done, and if it be not so, subdue my will to thine, and let me know that thy will is love.'

FEB. 10. 'This has been a day of exalted privileges—heard many important truths of God's word very comfortably this morning; visited my district and distributed tracts this afternoon; called at a house also to visit one of the Lord's sick and afflicted family, and

found it an interesting and profitable visit to my own soul. Attended the house of God in the evening, but did not find so much enjoyment as in the other services of the day. May I experience thy presence, O Lord, now at this hour of retirement, and enable me to hold communion with thee from off the mercy-seat.'

FEB. 17. 'Goodness and mercy have followed me during the past week. I had a good lift by the way at the prayer-meeting on Thursday-evening. The young man who is with us, appears to be one of the right sort, at least as far as we may judge from his discourses. This morning he delivered an interesting sermon from these words—"who is he that feareth the Lord, and obeyeth the voice of his servant—that walketh in darkness and hath no light." He shewed first, that our Lord Jesus Christ had to pass through much darkness while he was upon earth; and when on the cross, in his suffering and expiring moments, he cried "my God, my God!" this was the language of confidence, though under the pressure of an immense load of guilt. So God is still the God of his people, in the darkness as well as in the light. But how is the child of God here described? as one that hears, fears, and obeys. He hears the still small voice of salvation—he has the fear of God implanted in his heart, he obeys the call of the Gospel, and trusts alone in Jesus for salvation; and all this he evidences by walking in all holy obedience. May I bear these characteristic marks of a child of God, and more fully enjoy the privileges of his children.'

FEB. 25. 'It is with pleasure united with gratitude I trust, that I reflect upon the Lord's gracious dealings with me. My mind has been a good deal pained at the thought of an alteration in the Sunday-school.

But oh, what a mercy my God altereth not his purposes of grace—he is unchangeable. In this world, there is nothing but change—change is written on all with which we have to do. Perhaps there is *even* mercy in this, though I do not see it so at present. Things which I hold so dear, and which I would keep such fast hold of, are taken from me lest I should make idols of them. I can bless God when I look back on the many changes which he has caused me to experience, and see how they have all worked for my good. I am convinced the longer I live the more I shall see the truth of that declaration, “all things work together for good, &c.” And how much more shall I be satisfied when I live in eternity, that all that has taken place in time was right, because it was under the government of him “who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will.” The trials and difficulties which I am called to experience in this world, call aloud to me, “arise, depart, for this is not your rest!” and a mercy it is not. But O Lord, thou hast one resting-place for me, that is at the foot of thy cross. There all my eternal hopes centre—so that when my soul is required, even were it this night, I may be found with thy garment cast around me, the oil of divine grace burning within me, and if not at present called to die, may I continue on the watch, knowing that the enemy of my soul is still on the alert. Oh, thou Spirit of God, lift up a standard against him, and witness with my Spirit that I am born of God. Amen.’

MARCH 8. ‘Trials around me, and conflicts within, often make me exclaim with Job, “I loathe life, I would not live always.” Last Sabbath, our beloved Pastor spoke very affectingly on the subject of leaving. I think he will not preach again. I feel the idea of

parting severely; nevertheless I am persuaded, that under the direction of the Chief Shepherd it will be for good. I have had two profitable opportunities this week—one on Wednesday-evening at Jewin-Crescent—the other on Thursday-evening at the prayer-meeting in my own place. I have been led to meditate on the ancient mountains and the everlasting hills, the enjoyment which believers experience on these high mountains, and their security on the lasting hills; nor earth, nor hell, with all their rage, can remove the soul who is once fixed here. Oh, let me ask myself—am I fixed on the lasting hills—have I held communion with the Saviour on these high mountains? I trust I can say I have tasted a little of these delightful privileges, though I am now dwelling on low ground where I feel my spiritual health impaired; sin and unbelief sometimes hide these hills from my view. But, O Lord, do thou lead me to one of these high mountains this night, and manifest thyself to my soul, and so carry me above the world, and the trifles which harass my mind. Let me enjoy thy presence, and not associate so much with my own wicked and deceitful heart. Fulfil thy word unto me, in which I have been called lately, more particularly to believe, namely—“that all things shall work together for my good,”—and grant to me thy grace, which thou hast said shall be sufficient for thy people according to their need. Lord, be with me. Amen.’

MARCH 16. ‘Various have been the feelings of my mind, and various the Lord’s dealings with me. Sometimes I have been upon the high mountains, at other times upon the low grounds. To-day it has been particularly dark with me; I grope, and am sometimes at least I should fall short in the great and awful

day, yet I cannot give up the little hope I possess. I know, (and oh, what a mercy!) that the Master is not yet risen up and shut to the door. It is still open—yet the fountain of blood which flowed from Calvary retains its healing virtues, and can cleanse the vilest of the vile. Such, O Lord, am I! this is my condition, and to thee I come, as though I never came before, pleading the merits of thy dear Son. Cause thy light, O Lord, if it be but a single ray, to shine upon my poor benighted soul; for I am harassed by the enemy in the dark with great and sore temptations.’

MARCH 23. ‘I have been in great darkness of soul for some days past, and have been longing for the Sabbath, hoping that the cloud would be removed, But the morning passed away, and left me still in darkness, the afternoon and the evening likewise, save this one remaining hour. But the promise has been greatly fulfilled, although the day is so far advanced,—“It shall come to pass, that at even-tide, it shall be light,” for while at the throne of grace, and pleading at the foot of the cross, light broke in upon my soul. Oh, delightful feeling! I thought I could take encouragement from the mercy and grace which was shown to the thief upon the cross! he was saved in great extremity, and may I not hope to experience grace in my extremity? I have fled to this fountain which flowed from the Saviour’s hands, his feet, his side, which the thief saw with his bodily eyes, and trust it flowed for me, as for all his redeemed people.’

MARCH 30. ‘Another day, and this month will close. Many and great are my privileges, and my opportunities abundant; but do I make a suitable improvement of them, and offer suitable returns of gratitude to my God and Saviour, who has done so much for me? I

have often to lament a lifeless frame of mind, a heart as hard and as cold as the stones in the street. I have been into the vineyard of others ; but ah, do I not forget my own ? In my little way, I can form some idea how much ministers need the prayers of their hearers ; for often when they are feeding others, I dare say, they are starving themselves. I find this as a Sunday-school teacher ; and I suppose I am not alone in this kind of experience, though I may be in other respects. I feel my heart prone to turn aside ; I should let go my hold of Jesus—I should give up all for lost, were I to forget Calvary. But blessed be the dear name of Jesus, the Saviour ; he will hold me, and will not let me go. Oh, what unmerited love and mercy is this, that my head is still kept up above the floods. I have visited the house of affliction to-day, and where religion shines in all its lustre ; “ though the fig-tree does not blossom, neither fruit is in the vine, nor herd in the stall ;” suffering many privations, as well as great bodily pain, yet the afflicted servant of God can rejoice in the Lord, and joy in the God of his salvation. I am surrounded with every comfort, yet often murmuring and repining ; while this servant of God is suffering the greatest agonies without complaining, waiting his dismissal from time to eternity, when pain will cease, and all tears will be wiped away from his eyes. Lord, endue me with thy Holy Spirit, and make me a partaker of the grace, which I have seen manifested in the afflicted. May every murmur cease, and may I bless thee more and more, and praise thy name for thy mercy towards me.’

APRIL 7. ‘ Yesterday was the Lord’s day. I was uncomfortable till evening. In the course of the day, I visited a young Christian, who is going very fast to

glory ; and for aught I know, her happy spirit has, ere now, taken its flight from earth to heaven. Oh, how enviable is her situation ! When I beheld her yesterday, I entertained the secret wish to lie in her place. Perhaps the time is not far distant, when my wish will be realized.

‘ Oh ! for an overcoming faith,
To meet my dying hour.’

Then will this be fulfilled, which has been so much on my mind during the past week :

‘ Sin, my worst enemy before,
Shall vex my eyes, my ears, no more.’

May I be enabled, then, to go forward, looking unto Jesus, who, though like the sun, is sometimes hid behind the cloud, yet is still at the Father’s right hand, pleading for, and watching over, his own people. Oh, for faith to live more upon him, and less on frames and feelings. Jesus is ever the same—frames and feelings are not. O Lord, thou art not afar off when I cry unto thee, thou art never absent from thy people—make me more prayerful and more believing ; help me to plead the promises believingly. May I use the means, and live upon the promise—may I keep my eye heavenward ; and when exercised with afflictions, may I be satisfied that all is right, if I am engraven on thy heart. May I have the evidence within, that I have passed from death unto life, from darkness to marvellous light ; and when brought into the waters of trial, may I know that thou wilt bear me over the tempestuous ocean, and land me safe on the shore of the Canaan I love, and where I would be.’

APRIL 28. ' If I never enjoyed the presence of God before, I surely did last evening and this morning. Yesterday was to me a day of high privilege; and though in the earlier part of the day I was not so comfortable, in the evening the Lord was with me, and gave me peace. Oh, may this peace of God ever keep my heart and mind through Jesus Christ. I have been much exercised for some days past—" fighting without, and fears within:" but while engaged in the business of life, I was led to meditate on that sweet declaration, " My grace is sufficient for thee." May every trial bring me nearer to the throne of grace, to live closer to Jesus, and more upon his precious promises. May the Lord make his way into my heart, and dwell there; and may I never yield to fear while I have such a promise as this to rely on: " Lo, I am with you always." " I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." '

MAY 3. ' Thus I am brought to the close of another week. Still in time—not in eternity—spared yet in mercy—a monument of sovereign grace. Shall I be permitted to behold another Sabbath-day? Away every care and every trifle of the week, and let me look within; let not the world intrude upon the sacred hours that are approaching: I have had enough of care during the week. Depart, O world, and all that is within me that belongs to thee. But, O Lord, let not thy loving-kindness depart from me; do not thou forget to be gracious; be thou still my hold, and the horn of my salvation. I found it good this evening, while I was reading the Psalms. I trust I can say, the word was blessed to me. To-morrow is the Sabbath. I have some fearful apprehensions, lest it should prove a peaceable day to me. But, O Lord, be

thou to me better than all my fears. "I am oppressed—undertake for me."'

MAY 16. 'The Lord did undertake for me on the occasion above alluded to. Wherefore, then, should I fear? I will take this portion to-day for meditation—"I will not be afraid of ten thousands of the people, that have set themselves against me round about." Lord, enable me to meditate on this portion of thy word aright: may I know that I have none occasion of fear, now that the Captain of my salvation is going before me and fighting my battles for me. I have had some blessed opportunities lately; and now I am going to leave home for a season. O Lord, go with me: show me some token for good; let thy presence go with me, which is better than life, with all its enjoyments, however lawful. I must now enter upon the business of the day: Lord, be with me, and I shall be safe.'

JUNE 1. 'The final removal of my dear pastor has taken place. The circumstance has so engaged my mind, that I cannot be calm either in public or private devotion. 'I would, but cannot pray;' the perturbation of my mind is so great. Last Thursday the new minister was ordained—the former minister being present, gave an address for the last time. The Lord wonderfully supported me. This loss is, no doubt, intended to teach me the vanity, yea, I may say, the sin of looking so much to the creature—the instrument. God says, "Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils." Nothing is certain here; but oh, what a mercy that eternal rest is certain to the child of God. No change of shepherds in that world; but following the Lamb whithersoever he goeth, will be the delightful employment of the redeemed above.

May the time be hastened, when the chief Shepherd shall appear, never more, like under shepherds, to be removed from our sight, nor we from him; for "we shall be for ever with the Lord." To-night the new pastor will administer the ordinance; this I know will be a great trial to me; but may it have the effect of directing me to Him who instituted that blessed ordinance, who is both the master and the substance of the feast. I have been reading the second of Solomon's Songs, and found great pleasure, particularly at the fourth verse: "He brought me into his banquetting-house, and his banner over me was love." Though I do not often enjoy the rapturous, yet, I trust, I experience the solid, enjoyment of that which is contained in this scripture. May I happily experience this divine favour, alluded to in the passage, while sitting round the table of the Lord this night.'

JUNE 22. 'This has been a high day with me. Several days have passed in darkness and doubt; I have been led to cry, oh, that I could fly from this evil, roving heart of mine; when will it be light with me? when will this evil heart of unbelief cease to harass me? I have thought that there was no enjoyment left for me; and I have asked myself, can I, *indeed*, be interested in the blessings of the gospel? have I any part or lot in the matter! But I have been encouraged to go to the throne of grace again and again; and have, amidst all my doubts, some expectation, and hope for light, even while it is yet dark with me; as I hope for the morning, after a long and tedious night. At length the light has broken in upon my soul; and that at the early lecture this morning, the text was at once suited to my case: "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." I have had

my weeping nights, and days of darkness in my experience; and, at the same time, have been unable to look higher than myself. But oh, what boundless grace and love are treasured up in Christ; he is the inexhaustible fountain of light and life—such I have found him, when I have been able, in the exercise of faith, to look above myself. Lord, increase my faith, and help me to come and receive of that fulness from time to time, according to my need.'

JUNE 24. 'Had a feast of fat things to-night at Broad Street. Heard Dr. Andrews: and here again the text was for me—"A bruised reed he will not break." I am a bruised reed, indeed; but Jesus Christ will bind me up, and will comfort me. Oh, what a loving and compassionate Saviour is my Saviour. Dare I call him mine? He has deigned to look upon me, unworthy and sinful as I am. Then never let me give up my hope; no, I cannot—could I return into the world again? oh no, that is impossible, since nothing but Christ can satisfy me: nor do I believe that Christ will give up his hold on me—that is impossible; for if he has his hold of me, he will keep it; if "he will not break the bruised reed," he will not destroy it. "He keepeth his covenant for ever;" and he is one "that cannot lie."'

JULY 1. 'Have been to the forest to-day with the children of the school and several Christian friends, with whom, on this occasion, I found great pleasure, as the company was more select than on a former occasion; yet, as Christians, I think we should be more than cautious when thus associated together, knowing that the eyes of the world are upon us. The world have a right to expect much from the people of God—Christians should shine as lights in the world, in all

their movements in the world, as well as in their own company. The world, in general, despise them; but consistency in professors will never be lost upon the world. Oh, that I may so act in the world, as never to have to reproach myself on account of inconsistency. I care not for the frowns of the world, when they are cast upon me, because I am not of the world; these will tend to drive me farther from it; but its smiles are alluring and enchanting: here is the danger—and hence the necessity of being kept by the power of God, not only from falling, but from sliding too. Blessed God, be thou my keeper. I have no strength of my own, but thou hast—O communicate of that strength to me, that I may maintain my standing firm unto the end, to the glory of thy name. Thou art faithful, who hast promised.’

JULY 13. ‘Last sabbath I was in the furnace of affliction. To-day I have been able to engage in the school, and to attend the means of grace. The text in the morning was, “O thou of little faith!” Alas, my faith, in general, is small and weak indeed! Lord, strengthen my faith, that by it I may overcome the world! In the evening, there was a funeral sermon for an aged member. Happy end! “May I die the death of the righteous, and may my last end be like his!” Ah! if interested in Christ, I am secure; but how often do I doubt. I know Jesus is able, and that he is willing also; but oh my unbelieving, disobedient heart! Lord, wean my heart more from self; and enable me to rest on Christ alone.’

JULY 28. ‘Have just been reading the 12th of Hebrews; and was particularly struck with these words: “Let us lay aside every weight,” &c. Let me ask myself, what besetting sin have I? My heart

is capable of everything that is evil, if left to itself. But I have to bless God for restraining, as well as for constraining grace. Every idol, set up in the heart, becomes a besetting sin. How often have I found this, which, "like an opposing sphere," has produced an eclipse when coming between my soul and my God!—hence so much darkness. But oh, may my affections be weaned from every idol, that I may hold communion with the King of kings without interruption! Yesterday was the sabbath, and was rather a dark day with me till evening; when I found the word directed to my case. When will the trumpet proclaim my release?—my liberty from sin and death? Oh, to be interested in the covenant of grace! to be sprinkled with the blood which was shed on Calvary's cross!

' Then welcome death!—away with fear;
For my dear Saviour Christ is near. '

By and by, I shall be where there will be no more death!—no more curse! Here I enjoy much, at times, in the use of the means of grace; but my enjoyment will be greatly enhanced in heaven; because many things which spoil my enjoyment here, will then cease to have any existence. I shall experience no lukewarmness there—no weariness in the service of God there—no darkness of soul! "For there will be no night there;" nothing to eclipse my joys, or hide my Saviour from my view. These are consoling considerations! May they accompany me to the throne of grace this night, that I may be led to pray, Lord, hasten the time when I shall realize all this! I am going from home for a few days. May the God of Jacob be my God! go with me where I go, stay

with me where I stay, and return with me when I return : and be my guide, even unto death. '

Ans. 3. ' Arrived in London yesterday, and again returned to my father's house in safety, after many attempts to get home ; being frequently prevented through the unfavorableness of the weather. I was considered, by some of my friends, as being too particular in returning against the sabbath ; but I wished to spend the day in the place to which I belong, which is endeared to me by many ties ; and I was the more anxious, it being the first sabbath in the month. I received several unkind reproofs from a worshipping, who could not enter into my views of keeping sabbath at home ; but I know it is impossible to be a follower of Jesus Christ, without experiencing some opposition, and not to be very well spoken of. - The carnal mind is enmity against God." " Those that are born after the flesh, will persecute them that are born after the Spirit." But, " Father, forgive them ; for they know not what they do ! " Glad should I be, if such were brought to a saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus.

• I had a lift by the way during my absence from home. Dr. Andrews preached an anniversary sermon in the neighbourhood where I was. I heard him with great interest ; and my soul was much refreshed. His text was : " The foundation of God standeth sure," &c. From this passage he advanced many precious truths ; the benefit of which I hope to enjoy to my latest breath. '

Ans. 10. ' Hitherto the Lord hath helped me. began this day well ; but did not end it so comely. When the mind is affected by trifles, it is sad ; but the realities of religion afford unfadures, and peace which the world can neither

give, nor take away. I heard the servant of God speak to-day of the "covert from the tempest;" and found it good to be there. Oh, my soul, is Christ thy covert from the storms and tempests which assail thee? The child of God is often driven, by the storms of temptation and sin, to Christ for shelter. Oh, blessed—blessed Jesus, be thou my hiding place from all the tempests of life! Oh, let me know that thou art mine!

AUG. 16. 'Once more have I done with the business of another week; and have the privilege of retiring from worldly engagements for a season. May I gain fresh strength to go on my heavenly way. One in the family has just been cut off in the bloom and vigour of youth, with very little notice. Oh, what a voice is this to me, to watch unto prayer—to be ever looking unto Jesus! Perhaps, the next arrow may be aimed at me; but if in Christ, and sin be pardoned, I am secure. This is the believer's hope. It is mine! Christ the ransom has died; and the sting of death is removed! Lord, ever give me this confidence of being interested in the eternal covenant of grace! I am anticipating a blessed sabbath morning. I hope to attend the early lecture, and to enjoy much of the presence of Christ. At present I feel laden with sorrow: clouds and darkness are round about me. I will go to the throne of grace; there I hope to find relief. I will commit myself into the hands of Jesus—Emanuel! May he deign to visit me, and commune with me from off the mercy seat.'

AUG. 24. 'Sabbath morning. Enjoyed much peace while at the throne of grace, and in meditation on some portions of the word of God. That portion, in John, is always precious; I found it particularly so on this occasion: "If any man sin, we have an

advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous," &c. It was the first passage from which I heard my late pastor; the savour of which I hope never to lose as long as I live—'tis sweet now! I have been reading, likewise, the ninth of Zachariah; and was struck with the 11th verse, where it is stated, "that, by the blood of the covenant, the Lord's prisoners are sent forth out of the pit where there is no water"—no comfort. I have been long a prisoner of hope; and desire to turn into the strong hold, Christ Jesus, and to cling to the cross of Calvary. He only has salvation; for he is the Just One—as it is intimated in the ninth verse, he saves by his own blood. Oh boundless—infinite—incomprehensible love! O Lord, shew me some token for good this day! This day give me good success with my little flock, which thou hast committed to my care; that out of their mouths thy praise may be shewn forth, and strength which "thou hast ordained;" and, in the evening, may I have to review the exercises of this day, with thankfulness, for thine all-sufficient grace. May the world lose all its charms; and may I have a good sabbath-day's journey towards the heavenly Jerusalem!

AUG. 26. 'To-morrow I expect to take a journey to Coggeshall, to spend a week with a dear christian friend. May the Lord Jesus meet with us; and may redeeming grace and dying love, be our theme during this short visit. Last sabbath morning, I had a feast on which, I trust to feed for many days; but I feel so much of the old man of sin, that I am constrained to cry out with Paul, "When shall I be delivered from this body of sin and death." Oh, that the "new man, which is created in righteousness, and true holiness," may be more conspicuous in me to the glory

of his grace, who hath called me out of darkness into his marvellous light ! May that light shine throughout all my conduct ; and may thy graces be increased in my soul day by day, O Lord !'

SEPT. 7. ' Again returned to my little chamber, after an absence of ten days. Oh, may this often be the presence-chamber of Jehovah ; where I may enjoy communion, and where he may be pleased to manifest himself unto me . then will this room be more highly honoured than palaces, where kings reign surrounded by flattering courtiers. This evening I go to the house of God, to commemorate the dying love of Jesus. Oh, may the banner of his love be over me ; and may I be enabled, by faith, to look within the veil, and there cast the anchor of my hope ; that my little bark may be steadily and safely kept amidst all the storms and billows of life, till I finally reach the haven where I would be.'

SEPT. 13. ' Thus I have passed through another week of toil and vexation ; but it is another week, blessed be God, nearer to eternity. Boundless thought—solemn word—eternity ! Oh, my soul, how stand matters between thee and thy God ? Alas ! I have nothing of which to boast. I am much beclouded. I often think they cannot be worse who never knew the Lord—who never felt the preciousness of the gospel. Sometimes, I think I am deceiving my own soul, and all about me. I tremble lest I have only a name to live. Thus I am troubled. What shall I do ? Shall I sit down contentedly as if all was right ? and that all will be well at the last ? or shall I turn my back upon the good ways of God, and go into the world ? No ; I cannot do either of these. The one I will not do—rather I will closely examine into my

state, and see on what I rest. The other I cannot do; I am startled at the voice which says, "yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee:" what me? why me? and when he saw me dead in sin, oh, what grace! But it is this grace which supports me,

'Tis grace that kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.'

SEPT. 21. 'Here I am cast down, mourning and almost ready to give up all for lost. A thought struck me while I was ringing at the bell, after I had been round my district distributing tracts, how is it that I feel so miserable, mourning the absence of my God. If I had never known what it was to enjoy the presence of the Lord, surely I should not be so unhappy when I have not this sensible enjoyment: then these lines come into my mind,—

' Could I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhor'd;
Find at times the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord ?'

Oh, may the doubtful case be soon decided. Perhaps I am too importunate for sensible enjoyment, and forget that I am to live by faith and not by sense. Comfortable frames and feelings are very desirable, but perhaps I lay too much stress upon them. The Psalmist says "In the Lord's favour is life," his presence is better than life. What indeed is the Christian's life without Christ; it is not life, it is too much like death. O Lord; arise for my help, let the heavens be no longer as brass, and the earth as iron; but let my prayer enter into thine ears: let me not be distracted with cares, nor bowed down by oppression, neither let

me be cast down by the frowns of those that hate me, and enable me to live above these things and account them light and trifling—enable me to cleave to thee, to cling to thy cross, and cheerfully to endure the lot of thy people.'

SEPT. 28. 'Still perplexed and troubled with the frowns and opposition of one who cannot bear that I should be so much engaged on the Sabbath in the service of the Lord ; I take this hard as coming from such an one to whose service I am so devoted, and for whom I sacrifice so many opportunities. I have endeavoured to conciliate by every kind attention within my power, and can lay my hand on my heart and say, (God also bearing me witness) that I merit not the treatment I receive from that quarter. Little do the persecutors of the present day know, what pangs they inflict on the humble followers of Jesus. Were I exposed to open persecution, like the martyrs of old, my body might suffer more, but no such pangs as are now endured in secret would enter into my soul. Would that I could forget these feelings while attending the means of grace ; for they greatly spoil my joys. Lord, enable me to bear these things for thy sake—Oh, wipe my tears away. Shew me the light of thy countenance and I will rejoice in thee ; but if it is thy will that darkness shall overshadow my path, may I trust and not be afraid—neither be discouraged because of the way.'

OCT. 4. 'I am happy in closing another week of care and sorrow, happy in the consideration, that I am another week nearer my heavenly home. The prospect is greatly heightened by the thought, that a few more rising and setting suns, at most, and all sorrow, with the frowns of the world, will no more trouble me. I shall hear no more hard speeches ; no more unkind

reflections ; my motives no longer mistaken—a tempting devil no more labouring to destroy. This treacherous and unbelieving heart will cease to wander, and sin for ever be extinct,—oh, blissful thought ! what a mercy that I have an hiding-place—such thoughts as these bring peace and pleasure to my soul in the prospect of death. To-morrow will be the Sabbath, prepare me. O God, for the holy exercises of the day. Be with me in the school, May I be enabled to teach the children thy fear. Be with me in the sanctuary in the morning of the day. May I see thy glory displayed by thy word. Send me good speed this day in delivering the tracts ; may my heart be much in the work, may my tongue be unloosed to speak a word to the poor people with whom I leave the tracts, and may the reading of them be blessed to their souls. Appear to me in the evening, in the breaking of bread ; may I feel the efficacy of the blood of Christ in speaking peace to my soul. Let not the world with any of its cares and sorrows intrude upon this holy occasion ; may my faith be continually “ looking unto Jesus.”

OCT. 12. ‘ I have had a delightful opportunity this morning at the early lecture ; it was a lift by the way. I have now great encouragement to go on in the heavenly way, fearing nothing. The subject was, “ The Lord was with Joseph in his affliction.” Thus the Lord is with his people in every circumstance, be it ever so trying, ever so afflicting, he has never left his people to perish in their affliction. We cannot always see him, but his eye is ever upon us, and he will never lose sight of one soul which he has redeemed. Had the preacher known all that was in my heart, he could not have come nearer to my experience than he did. Oh, let me inquire, am I a Christian, not in name but

in deed and in truth, that is the point—what is my delight, what is my desire? verily that I may walk in the light of the Lord's countenance. If the Lord be for me, who can be against me!—yes, every one that opposes God is against me; but who can destroy me, or pluck me out of the hands of his everlasting love? Thus secure, may I know more experimentally that I am interested in this mercy. Lord, show me thy mercy and thy favour this day.'

OCT. 19. 'This has been a glorious day indeed! the Lord has appeared for my help in answer to prayer. I have had two very profitable opportunities, one in the morning at my own place, on "Jehovah-Jirah," "the Lord will provide."—yes, he has provided for me temporally; but oh, the provision he has made for the salvation of my soul! he still provides for my comfort and support, and he will provide for my deliverance out of all evil. In the evening, I was led to St. Ann's, Blackfriars, where I have often been before, and where I should go more frequently were it not for the distance; on every occasion, I have found it good to be there. Mr. Saunders is to me one of the first class, and he is such in the estimation of my father. I have reason to hold Mr. Saunders in the highest respect, and I ought to have recorded this sooner, that this gentleman came to visit me in my first illness, when I was first brought to know the Lord; he kindly came at the request of my dear father. The remembrance of that visit is still sweet to me—it was on that occasion, as a visit of an angel of God. His conversation by my bed-side afforded me food for many days, his truly spiritual prayer, offered in the spirit of prayer, afforded me great encouragement, especially as I had just entered on the ways of God, and still more as I was, to all appearance, draw-

ing near to the eternal world. Every time I hear him³ this circumstance is brought afresh to my recollection. I heard him this evening with deep interest,—text, “I am the root and offspring of David, and the bright and morning star, &c.” This subject afforded me rich consolation. Ah, in how many instances I have found the Lord to be a faithful, covenant-keeping God.—When I have been weary and heavy-laden, and have been led to these waters, I have found them the waters of life indeed, how has my soul been refreshed. Thus it has been with me this evening—in every state may I be enabled to come to these waters, which are ever flowing at the foot of the throne of God. May I be enabled from this time to trust a faithful God, and no longer trust to frames and feelings.’

OCT. 30. ‘Another month drawing near to a close. Thus time is passing on almost imperceptibly. I ought now to begin to reckon my time by months, and weeks, and days, as perhaps, I have but few of them left. Shortly these periods will be of no account—Eternity will be all. Oh, when will the happy period arrive,

‘When I shall bathe my weary soul,
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll,
Across my peaceful breast.’

Here are many waves, many billows to wade through. I have had myself, during these last few days, much to encounter; but blessed be God I have been enabled to view these trials as so many love-tokens from the hand of my heavenly Father, they bring me nearer to Jesus, lay me low at his feet, and no doubt they are intended to teach me the vanity and emptiness of this world, ‘Tis empty, and void, and waste.’”

Nov. 16. ‘Oh, how much have I to lament in-

dwelling sin—how it rages within me; were it not for the assuring word of God, I should say, it cannot be that I should be a child of God,—what but that keeps me from despair! I have had one encouraging opportunity to-day, that I may say, “The lines are fallen to me in pleasant places: I have a goodly heritage.” Oh, that I were more conversant with heaven, lived more with Jesus, resorted more frequently to him. The nearer I live to God, the more lightly I esteem the things of time, whether they be pleasures or pains. In every pleasure there is a thorn, even in those that are lawful, being mixed up with the things of time; for what is our path at best but a thorny way, though here and there we meet the rose. On the other hand, in every trouble there is some sweet, at least to the Christian, because troubles and afflictions being sanctified by Him who sends them, they become blessings to the soul. O Lord, bring me nearer to thyself, give me access to thy throne in the midst of which thou art seated, here may I find rest.

‘The Sabbath is drawing near to a close—how swiftly the sacred hours appear to fly. They are burdensome to the worldling, and not unfrequently the people of God grow weary, especially when the service is lengthened beyond the usual time. Such is our nature, that our attention, even to good, demands relief, but it will not be so in heaven. How necessary is death, that this frail tabernacle should be taken down. The soul when freed from that which clogs it, will wait upon God; will serve God without weariness day and night in his Temple. But is it not an awful consideration, that there is so little devotion among professors—that there is so much leanness in Zion, that there are so few that, in scriptural language, “

fat and flourishing" in this day of great profession. Is there not too much self-indulgence, are not many weary before the time? I trust I can say, I love the hours of sacred rest, and always regret their close; but let me more closely examine myself, and I shall find much to accuse myself with. Oh, if my security depended on my warmth and activity in the service of God, where should I be; my warmest thoughts are cold compared with what they should be. Oh, that I could love more, that I could feel more of that going out of the soul after Jesus. That it is not so is my sorrow, and causes many doubts and fears. But there is one consideration which is somewhat consoling, and which ought to be greatly so, whilst on the other hand, it ought to be humbling, namely, though my frames and feelings vary, the heart of Jesus is still the same towards me. May I be enabled to think on these things more and more, and find comfort, and may their happy influence tend to glorify my God and Saviour in the circle in which I move.'

Nov. 28. 'How we grovel here below, how frequently the creature takes place of the Creator in the soul! how it seems to place Christ at a distance! Last Sabbath was a day of but few enjoyments. I thought to have enjoyed the presence of my Saviour when I retired to my room, but he was not there, at least not sensibly so: of all the dark seasons I have experienced, I think that was the worst; but blessed be God, though cast down, I am not in despair. I had a delightful opportunity at John-Street Chapel, King's-Road. I think the Lord directed me to that place. The preacher spoke to the point of my experience, as it regards the changes, temptations, and trials into which I have been brought, and by which I have been

sorely exercised. He spoke of the rod and the stripes which the Lord lays on his people when they forsake him: text, Psalm lxxxix. 30—34. And surely these stripes and afflictions which have been laid on me, have been all in love to my soul. When I look back to that temptation, by which I was so sorely tried and beset three years ago, and to which I had nearly fallen a prey; namely, of being united to one who was an enemy to God; though the snare was broken, and I was delivered; yet I need not wonder at these stripes in affliction—they are needful, lest I should set up some other idol in my heart. I see the rod in the hand of my heavenly Father, and he uses it to keep me, where I pray he may continually keep me, humble at his feet. I account it among my mercies, that I am enabled to hear his voice in every rod, and to feel and know, that there is a needs be for it all.'

Nov. 30. 'These words have just broken in upon my mind, while I was writing the date of this: "If the Lord be for me, who can be against me?" Many are set against me, but they cannot destroy me: they may harass me, fright me, wound me, destroy my comforts, strip me almost of all consolation; but if the work of Jehovah be begun in my soul, they cannot destroy that. What a mercy I am out of hell, the fountain that was opened on mount Calvary is free for me—not yet shut, not yet sealed against any of those for whom the Saviour bled, nor will it be till all the blood-bought family of God are saved to sin no more. This is the Sabbath; Lord, let no creature become a rival in my heart; I fear this has been too much the case. I feel rather inclined to mourn to-day. Lord, revive thy work, restore unto me the joys of thy salvation, and establish me with thy free spirit.'

DEC. 9. ' I have this day followed the remains of an aged relative to his grave : that relative was my grandfather, by my father's side, who had reached the age of fourscore years, the latter part of whose life was, indeed, labour and sorrow. Ah, what is life at longest ? it is even a vapour ; and the changing scenes through which we are called to pass, are sufficient to convince us that this is not our rest. I was particularly struck with the church service, which was read on this occasion ; one part of it, for the moment, was the means of lifting up my soul a little from the dust, to which I had long been cleaving. Last Sabbath was a memorable day, as it regarded the lack of comfort. Heard Mr. Evans at John-Street with great pleasure in the morning ; but in the evening, and at the ordinance too, I was quite ashamed of my dull and dark frame. I envied others whom I thought were more happy than myself ; I thought no one could be in such a frame as I was ; nor was my case amended when I returned home—a circumstance occurred, which wounded my feelings very much. I retired to read my Bible ; but I could read nothing but condemnation. I read a consolatory letter, which I had received from a Christian friend ; but could obtain no comfort. I attempted to pray ; but could not—sleep went from mine eyes, and slumber from my eyelids : in the morning the cloud still hovered over me ; nor was it dispelled till this day, when the cloud suddenly disappeared while I was engaged in the business of the day. The words of Watts came forcibly on my mind :

' How can I sink with such a prop,
As my eternal God.'

I was enabled to claim this relationship ; the Lord

appeared, and gave me the comfort of that precious declaration, on which I heard preached last Sabbath, but from which I could not then draw any consolation: "They shall never perish."

DEC. 25. 'Have just returned from a party of Christian friends; but did not realize the presence of the Lord, whilst with them—at least it was not manifest to me: it might have been to others, whose spiritual enjoyments I sometimes envy. Clouds and darkness are thick around me—but still out of hell. The people of God are still my choicest companions. Lord, lift thou up the light of thy reconciled countenance, and make this room a Bethel to my soul this night; remove every idol from my heart; let nothing separate between my soul and Thee, nor eclipse thy glory from my view. Went to Bury Street last sabbath evening; but did not enjoy the means, on account of the pain in my head. Soon there will be no pain, either in my head or heart. A few more rolling suns at most, and sin will no more trouble me—darkness no more becloud my mind; but I shall be for ever present with the Lord, never more to mourn his absence. Then let me no longer cleave to this earth; for this is not my resting place; but wait till I rest on the bosom of my Father, and my God.'

JAN. 1, 1829.—

' And now, my soul, another year
Of this short life is past :
I cannot long continue here—
And this may be the last. '

When I look back on the past year, I am ready to exclaim—how many moments are lost and gone for ever? The cares of this world occupy too much of my thoughts, seeing I am only a traveller here, passing

through a wilderness. Dare I promise to live nearer to God this year? No; I dare not. My treacherous heart is not to be trusted one moment. What shall I do?—"I will look to the hills whence cometh my help." Lord, lead me to the fountain opened on Calvary; and may my conscience be sprinkled afresh with that precious blood, that I may have peace to my soul: then may I pursue the remainder of my journey with renewed strength; having Jesus present with me, who is still precious, even in my darkest seasons; and how much more so, when I enjoy the light of his countenance.'

JAN. 12. 'And am I still out of hell? still spared, and not cut down as a cumberer of the ground?—for such I surely am. I have been severely tried these few days past; but, amidst all, I may sing of mercy. I have sustained a great loss;¹ but, I trust, I have been enabled to see, even in this, the hand of God. May this circumstance bring me nearer to Jesus, keep me closer to prayer, teach me to hold every thing earthly with a light-hand, and fix my wandering heart upon eternal realities: "where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal!" May I have the spirit of adoption; and be enabled to acquiesce in all the will of God, under every cross, however trying, I may be called to endure!'

JAN. 26. 'Once more I have the opportunity of writing in my little diary. I perceive it is sometime since I did so. But what has followed me during this

¹ While Miss T. was at the house of God, on the first sabbath in the year, the servant, having access to her room, and the drawers being left open, took all the money she had by her, and whatever else she could lay her hands on, and was off before Miss T. returned, and was never heard of afterwards.

interval?—mercy from first to last. The Lord has manifested himself to be a God long suffering, of great compassion, slow to anger, and of great kindness. Last sabbath-week, the 18th inst., I heard that dear servant of Christ, Mr. Evans, from these words: “ Rejoice in the Lord always ; and again, I say, rejoice.” He shewed that a Christian might rejoice in every state and condition, and under almost every circumstance : he descended to the lowest point ; as, when the child of God is mourning over his state, his wanderings, his coldness and indifference in the course, his deadness in prayer—this seems to be a mournful state indeed, not a situation in which to rejoice ; but, in such a state, there is one mercy left in which to rejoice : and that is, that I am out of hell. Ah, this is a mercy indeed !—in this I have often rejoiced. Oh, if the Lord were strict to mark iniquity, how could such a sinful wretch as I stand ?—in what could I hope ? God is justly strict ; but Jesus has atoned, and satisfied justice : “ so that God is faithful, and just, to forgive sins.” Yes ; there is a glorious High Priest, who stands before the throne, in my stead, clothed in garments dyed in blood. Were it not for this blessed hope, I must sink in despair. Although the enemy has been permitted, for a long time, sorely to try me, to teaze, and even to torment me, yet I am not destroyed. I have been reading of Jesus retiring to the cold mountain ; and continuing, all night, in prayer to God. For whom did he pray ?—for those on whose account he was about to suffer, bleed, and die. Oh, what love and mercy is here ! O Lord, revive thy work in my soul, if it be indeed begun ; and give me the spirit of prayer, now that I am about to draw near to the throne of mercy and grace.

FEB. 15. 'Oh, my soul, look back, and see what great things the Lord has done for thee—he has not suffered thee to perish. Last sabbath I was laden with trouble; but the Lord wonderfully supported me under it; and here I am a monument of mercy. The Lord changeth not; therefore it is that I am not consumed. Why art thou then cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him. To-day I am beclouded—neither sun, moon, nor stars, appear; but of this I am assured, that there is a sun, though it is now under a thick cloud. Thus, as in nature, so it is with me; clouds intervene between me and my Saviour. I cannot always see him; but I shall ere long. Blessed Redeemer! break through these clouds, and shew me thy beauty; and whisper, thou art mine! Leave me not this day, particularly at the sanctuary, and let the world be banished from my mind; and may I experience that peace which passeth understanding: that every idol may be removed from my heart, that thou mayest sit and reign without a rival.'

FEB. 17.—

'Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer:
Trials bring me to his feet;
Lay me low, and keep me there.'

Why should I not cry, all hail affliction, sorrow, and distress? Why troubled at persecution? my Saviour said it should be so: so long as I have peace in Him, it will be well. A few more frowns—a few more storms, and this world will cease to vex and tease me! I shall know of no anxiety then; nor have to lament the want of warmth of soul. My treacherous heart will cease to rove—it will then be fixed on Jesus, the

only object of adoration : for I shall see Him face to face, and be for ever with the Lord. Transporting thought ! to leave the world and sin behind.'

FEB. 24. ' I have been highly favoured at the house of God to-night. Mr. Evans was both faithful and encouraging : text, Romans viii, verse 9th. Let me inquire, have I the Spirit of God dwelling in me ? for what purpose do I make a profession ? What is my motive for going to the house of God ? is it to seek Jesus ? to meet with Him in his appointed way ? I trust I can say, that this is really the case. But, I cannot rest on this ; for my heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. But though I have nothing in myself, and cannot trust myself, I have all in Jesus ; and can trust him. He is indeed precious : nothing else can satisfy my drooping soul. Is this an evidence that the Spirit of God dwells in me ? I think I never could have been prevented from falling by the distressing temptations—the heavy attacks of the enemy of my soul, if the Spirit of God was not dwelling in me. He it is that lifts up the standard against the enemy—the Standard of the Cross. Oh, how thankful ought I to be, that I have been kept, and thus preserved to the present moment ! O Lord, write thy word, which I have heard this evening, on my heart ! May I live near to Thee ; and feel, more than ever, the quickening influences of thy Holy Spirit. Give me the wings of faith ; and help me to fly beyond the dust, to which I so often cleave.'

MARCH 8. ' Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits ! How frequently have I cause to use this language ? How can I forget the mercy of the Lord in preserving me from hell, and still permitting me to plead the merits of Jesus, who died for the vilest

of the vile. What mercy can be greater than this! and yet how unmindful of this blessing do I often prove to be, living aloof from God, when I ought to be near to him. The people of God are described as, "a people near unto Him." Oh, may this be my place and station! O Lord, take thou my heart, and all that I am, for thyself.

'I thought, at one time, that this would have been a lost day, there being something unpleasant among the teachers at the school; but though one proved treacherous, and another changeable (which, however, ought not to be), yet such circumstances are not without instruction; for what is man, but a changeable being? but oh, what consolation does that consideration afford me, "that the Lord changeth not?" The mind of my covenant God knows no change—no, not even the shadow of turning. Heard Mr. Evans this evening, though not so profitably as on some occasions. The fault was in myself, I am persuaded; yet a few precious observations came home to my heart. O Lord, make me the subject of true vital godliness. May grace reign in my heart, through righteousness, unto eternal life.'

MARCH 10. 'The house of God has been a Bethel to my soul this night. Text, "We are debtors not to the flesh to live after the flesh." Am I a debtor to the flesh? No; I owe all to God. To grace alone am I a debtor. Satan is a great enemy, always on the alert; but the flesh is much the greater. The evil heart is the source from whence arises all the Christian's doubts and fears; but I am led to Calvary to mourn over my sins; this I shall do, the more I know of pardon through a Saviour's blood. But do I mourn over sin as I ought; I trust I can say, sin is my greatest burden.

Sin renders it necessary that the body should be kept in subjection, that it should be mortified, as the other part of the text I heard to-night states, "If ye live after the flesh, ye shall die," &c. For this I have no strength of myself, it must be done by the Spirit. I find it a great privilege to go to Christ again and again. The more I know of a mercy-seat, the greater I find the mercy; the more I know of my own heart, the more I am led to mourn over it. I reckon it among my greatest mercies that I feel the burden of sin, because it leads me to Christ for rest. To Christ the rock I fly for shelter, he is the foundation also, on which I build: fixed on this rock, I shall weather the storms and tempests of life, be they ever so mighty; for I am assured that the gates, the powers of hell shall never prevail. Temptations beset my way on every hand: little things tempt the eye. Judas was soon tempted with the thirty pieces of silver, Eve with an apple. Trifles often become mountains in my way, may I not only be delivered from temptation, but from running into it.

'I must say, I find these Tuesday evening services at John-Street like Sabbaths' to my soul. Surely the Lord has led me in his kind providence to this place. Mr. Evans was very consoling to-night, to the tried and afflicted followers of Christ. 'Perhaps,' he said, 'I have some one here, who has long been the subject of affliction—perhaps ever since their conversion to God.' This is precisely my case, but he did not know it of me in particular, for I never spoke to him in my life. 'This,' he added, 'is all in love to be sanctified for good. They are not the punishments for sin, but the effects of sin. Had we any of the punishment, that is to say the wrath, then was it not laid on the Surety:

but they are corrections in love to bring us off the creature—to find every cistern broken, every gourd blasted, every darling object torn from our eyes—we must therefore learn to endure the rod, for it is all in love to our souls.’ Lord, enable me to bear whatever of affliction thou art pleased to lay upon me—bring me to thy footstool : may I ever live on the wing of prayer, and rest on thy word. Oh, plunge me afresh in the fountain of thy precious blood.’

MARCH 18. ‘I have been highly privileged this week, and have had many lifts by the way. Last Sabbath I found the house of God to be “none other than the house of God” indeed ; my heart was much encouraged, and I found the word to be precious. I am often distressed and in the dark, but I have been directed to Christ to obtain a better frame and better feelings. Every good feeling and every peaceful frame comes from Christ alone. He gives his Holy Spirit to his people for this purpose, and thus communicates his peace according to his promise, “My peace I give unto you.” The Spirit is in the Christian as a Spirit of prayer ; there can be no real prayer without his influence—no communion with God. God is the object of worship—to him prayer is addressed. When the soul prays, and God graciously answers while the soul is speaking in prayer,—this is holding communion with God. O my soul, have I ever prayed—has the Spirit ever indited my prayers, and led me to the throne of God, to the footstool of mercy through Christ the only mediator ? I think I can say, but with deep humility, this has been my experience. Heard Mr. Evans last Sabbath, and again last evening (Tuesday), with much profit and delight, from these words, “As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the

sons of God." Wonderful and astonishing. To be called a child of God, I who was once a child of wrath! to have God for my Father and my eternal Friend! Well might the Apostle John exclaim, "Behold what manner of love the Father has bestowed upon us that we should be called the sons of God." Oh, what a mercy to be led by the Spirit—from the world—from my sins—and from myself to Christ. Nothing short of omnipotence can do this. I find it an unspeakable privilege to sit under the ministry of the word at John-Street. It is certainly a great distance from home, and inconvenient to my poor frail body which is often ready to sink under the fatigue, and especially on the Sabbath evening, after I have attended to the school, and have been round my district with tracts. But what is all the fatigue and pain I feel in body, when my soul is so much benefited: to profit so much by the word, to have my soul fed, and to find the savour of this heavenly food, not only while receiving it, but for many days, even to the return of the same refreshing seasons! May I be led nearer to Christ, that I may be safe from the world, my great enemy—and from Satan, my still greater enemy—and from my own heart, which is the greatest enemy of all. Oh, my soul, draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to thee. I heard Mr. Hugh McNeil this morning, at Saint Saviour's, and was much delighted. O that there were many more such bold advocates for the truth as it is in Jesus, and for declaring the whole counsel of God; if that were the case, I think this country would bear a very different aspect from what it does at present. But, O God, thou wilt hide thy people, thou wilt preserve them should a sifting time arrive, perhaps it is not far distant: the church of Christ will then be

more fully known. To the cross I now cling—enable me, O Lord, to cling then, should I live to such a period. Yes, help me to cling to it till I die.’

MARCH 25. ‘Last Sabbath I was able to go to John-Street twice, but owing to some unkindness which I experienced in the morning, my happiness was somewhat spoiled—we cannot bear these things at all times alike. Oh, what a heart is mine, so prone to wander from good, and to dwell upon trifles. But in the evening, I had a profitable opportunity from these words, “This poor man cried unto the Lord, and he delivered him out of all his troubles,”—from which was shewn in what this poverty consists, and that we shall never cry to God till we feel our poverty. Lord, search me and try me, and see what is in my heart, I am all unholy and unclean; thy precious blood, oh, blessed Jesus, can cleanse me—may I never leave this fountain. I have been brought to know and to feel during the past week, that even the Saints themselves are broken cisterns. I have received unkind treatment from one whom I looked upon as a friend—one with whom I have taken sweet counsel, and walked to the house of God. But oh, what a lesson is this to me, “trust not in a friend; put not confidence in a guide.” ’Tis my mercy that I have to do with one, whose heart is never unkind towards me, a Friend in heaven, who well deserves the name, who knows no change; his promises are oaths, and sealed by blood divine.’

‘I was at John-Street also on Tuesday-evening, and obtained great encouragement. The subject was, ‘the spirit of adoption,’ and here the word came home to my case. The minister drew a distinct line between the spirit of emotion and the true spirit of adoption.

Many conclude that they have the spirit of adoption, when they possess nothing more than natural feeling. There are some rejoicing souls, exulting and full of extacy, whilst others think they have not the spirit of adoption, because they have not this confidence. This is precisely my case, but there is such a thing as taking comfort from doubts and fears; may I ever be kept from this error, so dishonourable to God and to faith in him. I have fallen into it on some occasions in times that are past, but hope never to fall into it again. May I possess this spirit of the adopted children of God, that like them I also may cry, "Abba, Father." Then shall I acquiesce in all the will of God, under every providence however cross it may appear. Thus while going down the hill to the valley of humiliation, I may feel the arms of everlasting love beneath me, supporting me and keeping me from sliding; and when the hour of death approaches, I may be enabled to meet it without fear, believing his precious promises, that they will be all fulfilled!—oh, when will that glorious moment arrive, when I shall enter the port of heaven, see God, see Christ, and be like him for ever. Here I often receive blessed drops of mercy, but there I shall drink full draughts from the ocean of eternal bliss. Here I see but the twinkling stars, there I shall behold the full blaze of the bright sun of righteousness, which will shine in unclouded glory for ever. Lord, grant to me the blessed assurance that I am thine.'

MARCH 31. 'Heard Mr. Evans last Sunday on the subject of prayer. The place for prayer, the throne of grace,—the frame of mind for prayer, humility: yet with boldness, not with impudence, but with humble boldness free from reserve,—the end of prayer is, to obtain. I can enter into all these views of prayer, and

I think there is no subject that I understand better, because it enters so much into my spirit and practice. Prayer is necessity, but to me it is more, it is choice. Have been to John-Street this evening, (Tuesday) and heard with much profit, and felt much peace within; and I trust I have been enabled, (though but faintly) to cry "Abba, Father." The subject to-night was the endearing relationship in which believers stand with God, together with the advantages of that relationship, "Heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ." What an unspeakable blessing to have this assurance, to claim this relationship the sure way to solid peace. Oh, may this assurance be mine! may I live in the constant exercise of prayer while I live—my privilege, not my work. May I pray with fervent importunity—asking till I receive. Lord, I believe this to be the appointed way.'

APRIL 7. 'What a privilege is prayer! it is the golden means of divine communication between heaven and earth, like Jacob's ladder. Prayer is the key to the promises of my heavenly Father—it opens the gate of heaven. By prayer, the burdened heart may unfold its sorrows, and find sweet relief to which worldly minds are strangers. By prayer, the path of providence is made clear: a voice is heard saying, "this is the way, walk ye in it." Oh, how barren has my soul been in times past for want of real prayer; how many troubles and difficulties which stand in the way like mountains, would become plains before me were I more importunate with God. Oh, it is hard work to have to fight with so much evil within. Every moment, Lord, I need thy help. How often do I wish for the inclination to pray, instead of going directly to the ~~that~~ source for that inclination. O Lord, may I be

more and more conversant with thee in prayer, and more persevering till I receive the supply of all my need.

‘Have been to John-Street this evening, and entered the house of God in what I would call an insensible state of mind, without that emotion which I sometimes feel on similar occasions; but soon the clouds dispersed a little, and a glimmering hope appeared. Ah, I would not give up my hope, glimmering as it is, for ten thousand worlds, for I trust it is founded on the rock of ages. I found great encouragement on this occasion, and feel the savour of the good word of grace at this moment, which I hope will continue for a great while to come. Here I was directed, not to look for the highest degree of grace first, but to begin with the lowest, rising by degrees. Thank God for the lowest; because I shall rise, I trust, step by step; or, as the promise runs, “The path of the just is as a shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day.” The features of men vary very much; scarcely are two alike—so with the children of God; the same characteristic marks; the same grace, though differing in degree; the same temptations assault them, but in different ways—but when the soul loathes itself on account of sin, feels its own emptiness, and is brought to look to Christ alone, this is the best, and the most blessed state for a soul to be in. May I be led to feel more the value and importance of being united to Christ, of living wholly upon him, of being a child of God by adoption, of possessing that holy assurance, continually crying “Abba, Father.” Thus may I seek for the enjoyment of the presence of my heavenly Father; like as, when a child, I have gone from room to room to seek my parent, determined to find him—

I know if I am found in the Lord's appointed way, I shall receive a blessing, "for he is faithful that hath promised." "I will be found of them that seek me." Ah surely; he who at the first was found of them that sought him not, will afterwards be found by them, when they seek him under the guidance of the Lord the Spirit. This reminds me of another passage, though not exactly on the same subject, yet the same in point of argument, at least—"If when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son, much more being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life."

APRIL 21. 'Why these fears? behold, it is Jesus that guides the ship, and holds the helm. Those words were on my mind the whole of yesterday; they formed a subject for meditation. I am sorely tried and persecuted: but did not my Master endure the same? I must say, I feel it an unspeakable mercy to endure the frowns of the world, because it brings me nearer to Jesus, and lays me low at the foot of the cross of Calvary. I had a highly-favoured day last Sabbath; was at John Street twice, and found much comfort, and enjoyed solid peace, such that I have not found for some time; death appeared nothing but what is desirable; the fear of it wholly removed; in fact, I thought I could have died on the spot; the world appeared to vanish, and all that I have endured, as light as air. Oh, what a mercy, that I can sometimes bless God for every cross that he calls me to bear, and to account troubles as mercies from his hand. I was led to the contemplation of the resurrection of Jesus being the seal of his acceptance, the acceptance of his atonement and finished work of redemption in the behalf of all believers—his victory too, for he conquered when he

died, and subdued every enemy with which his people have to encounter, and now he intercedes for them, and will even to the end.'

APRIL 26. 'Out of the depths have I cried unto the Lord, and he heard me. The past week has been a week of suffering to my body, and of darkness in my soul; but I trust I can say to-day, that the clouds are a little dispersed. I fear I shall not be able to go to the house of God to-day. I feel my mind impressed with the idea, that I shall not go to John Street many times more. My bodily pains are very great, particularly at my knee; although I manage to keep about, and complain but little—perhaps the time of my departure is at hand. Oh blissful thought! perhaps near the long wished-for haven. These trembling pulses will then cease to throb; this heart will cease to beat; this head will think and ache no more; friends frown no more; their unkindness trouble me no more; this sinful flesh will afflict no more; and Satan will be put to silence, respecting me at least, for ever. In a word, it will be earth exchanged for heaven.

'Sin, my worst enemy before,
Shall vex my eyes, my heart no more.'

What an unspeakable mercy to feel an interest in Christ, which affords such views as these, whilst self is abased, and Christ exalted! exalted in my salvation, shall I say? Oh wonderful, that God should be glorified in worthless man!

MAY 4. 'My health is much improved within these last three or four days. I have felt no little disappointment, at the thought of having to stay here longer than I expected. My mind has been rather

wretched these last few days—almost bordering on despair: still I can sing of mercy that I am out of hell. Oh, that I hated sin more! Oh, that I were delivered entirely from it. When I retire for meditation it is my greatest grief, when I think that I have been too indifferent in reference to sin,—that I have not studiously avoided temptation as I ought. Oh, what should I be if left to myself. But, O Lord, leave me not, fasten me to thy cross. Oh, I cannot forget Calvary, there hangs my hope. Let me not only live near the fountain, but in the fountain, for I need its cleansing, its healing virtue continually.'

MAY 16. 'I am again recovered in part from a short confinement, but not sufficiently so as to be able to attend the public means of grace—the two last Sabbaths I have been denied that privilege. My knee still bears an alarming aspect, something I must have to bring me down—I know I need to be humbled. I was confined to my bed the whole of last Sabbath, but I could not realize the presence of the Lord so sensibly as on some former occasions of confinement; on the contrary I felt lifeless, sometimes ready to give up all for lost. I mourn the absence of him I love; I pray but cannot find him, so that I sometimes think I do not pray at all—I return as I went, without an answer—the word of God is sealed. This is not a happy frame. Oh, my soul, when shall I find my Lord! when shall I again say, The Lord is my God. O Lord, give me a taste of heavenly realities. Lord, remember me, and shew me, once more, the light of thy countenance.'

MAY 31. 'In another hour and this month will close. I have suffered much during this month; but what awaits me in the next, I know not, should I be

permitted to see it ; for although but one hour remains, how many souls are called away with less notice. Oh, my soul, art thou in Christ—in him who spent a life of sorrow, and at last expired on Calvary's cross (oh, the tragic scene that was there displayed !) for the salvation of his people. Lord, decide the doubtful case, and if I have never been brought to the foot of the cross, may I be brought there this moment, but I trust I have again and again ; and having got one step, I trust I shall reach the summit.

‘ My faith would lay her hand,
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.’

‘ Went to John-Street last Tuesday evening,¹ but did not enjoy so much as on some occasions—but still I obtained a little : and if only to receive a few crumbs, it is mercy, and is something on which to live. I long to be settled at this place, it must be my home ; but I fear I shall not be able to get there so often as I have done, on account of my knee. Ah ! this is my cross, the crook in my lot ; but I know there is a needs-be for it : I can feel it to be as necessary as the food I eat. The people of God must have afflictions of some kind, for it is through much tribulation that they enter the kingdom. Afflictions are not without their pleasure to the children of God, when received and felt as proofs of his fatherly love. Oh ! to know that it is my Father's hand, and not the hand of an enemy or of a stranger that is upon me, ought to reconcile me to the severest blow. Oh ! what an unspeakable mercy to enjoy the sweet assurance of being adopted into the

¹ This proved to be the last time.

family of heaven by the Spirit. Lord, give to me this holy assurance, and I am happy.'

JUNE 7. 'While reading the 84th Psalm this morning, I was particularly struck with the ninth verse, "Behold, O God, our shield, and look upon the face of thine anointed." Christ is my shield. If God were to look on me out of Christ, I must be condemned to all eternity. But he is the anointed of the Lord,—for those for whom he died,—for these he intercedes.

'My knee continues very bad. I expect to go through a painful operation to-morrow; which will confine me for a month or six weeks. My spirits fail me a little, at the idea, but this blessed promise stands upon record, "Strength shall be given according to thy day." This promise has often been fulfilled in my experience, and will it fail now? I have no reason whatever to expect it will. May I find, during this confinement, much supporting grace—much of the Lord's presence—have my mind weaned off every carnal object. May I hold close communion with God from off the mercy-seat.

'Heard Mr. Heap preach this morning on the soul-sufferings of Christ; his soul-sufferings exceeded those of his body; he sweat no drops of blood on the cross; it was at midnight in Gethsemane's garden that his soul endured this agony. Here was love, to bear the sins of his people—he paid the mighty debt. This promise is still sure, "Ye shall never perish"—"Sin shall not have the dominion." To-night I go to the Table of the Lord for the last time,¹ at least with that Church with which I have been joined in fellowship,

¹ This proved to be the last time in reality that ever she attended public means. The coincidence in this case is remarkable.

as the place of meeting is to be given up, and the people will be scattered without a shepherd. May the Lord appear to me in the breaking of bread, and cause it to be light at eventide.'

JUNE 23. 'I am now in great affliction, having suffered much from the operation; but still I have found great support; affliction is the best school: more is learned upon a bed of suffering, than in whole months of health, even when attending the public means of grace. How good then it is to be afflicted; oh, welcome pain for the presence of my Lord.'

AUG. 5. "' Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits." I have been in the furnace of affliction many weeks; many times I thought I was entering the dark valley of death, though blessed be the Lord, it had not a dark appearance to me. Christ was my light, and my hope is fixed on him alone. Notwithstanding wearisome days and nights are appointed to me, and I am enduring racking pain, and extreme debility, yet I have the enjoyment of the rich consolations of the cross. I would not have been without one pain I have been called to endure; for the greater the pain, the sweeter has been the support under it; while the hand of the Lord has been on this poor body, the everlasting arms have been underneath me, the prospect of death has been brightened by the blessed hope I have in Jesus—With this hope, though at times but faint and glimmering, I would not part for all the worldling's treasure, which would be no treasure to me; the only treasure worth possessing is the knowledge of Jesus, that pearl of great price:

' Poor, weak, and worthless though I am,
I have a rich Almighty Friend;
Jesus, the Saviour is his name,
He freely loves, and without end.'

This is the accent of my heart. What an unspeakable mercy it is, when shut up from every public ordinance, that there is no barrier to the throne of grace ; only this evil heart of unbelief often proves a great one to me—it follows me every-where, even to the throne of God. It is my mercy that God is greater than my heart, more faithful and true, who knows my feeble frame. I hope this affliction will be greatly sanctified to me, should I recover; but oh, it will be a disappointment to return again into the bustle of life from which I have retired so long, to have again to do with the things of time, but the will of the Lord be done ; may I wait till my change come, patiently wait all the appointed time. May I be found in Christ, clothed in the spotless robe of his righteousness, and washed in his most precious blood that was shed on Calvary. Then shall I have done mourning over a wandering heart, and groaning under an afflicted body, “absent from the flesh,” oh, blissful thought to the soul that has hope in Christ, loved with an everlasting love, knowing that the covenant of God standeth for ever sure.’

AUG. 12. ‘Somewhat low in spirits, rather shut up in my soul, under great bodily pain, and a gloomy prospect before me, that if my life is spared I shall be lame, and disabled from all active service in which I have so much delighted. I could complain, but why should such a one as I complain ? It is the hand of God, ‘Peace, ’tis the Lord !’ he cannot err, he does all things right. Oh God, dwell thou in my heart, let me know and feel that thou art with me, that thy throne is always accessible. Draw me nearer to thyself, and to that fountain which thou hast opened.’

AUG. 17. ‘I have just heard that my late pastor has removed to a distant land : but Christ the chief shepherd

never leaves his flock, but watches over them with tender care: He never dies. What a mercy to know this shepherd for myself, to be enabled to say "the Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want;" he supplies at all times, he loveth at all times, he is the "brother born for adversity;" I feel the comfort of this in my affliction more than at any other time. I have now been confined eleven weeks, and am likely to be so for some time longer. My sufferings are very great, but not greater than I can bear, because the everlasting arms are underneath me. The disease under which I am labouring seems to be making its way through the whole system, which will so far break up my constitution, that my recovery will be impossible. But I desire to lie passive in the Lord's hands, whether it be for life or for death. May I meet death as a conquered foe, and not sink in the swellings of Jordan. May the blood of the covenant be found upon me, and my soul clad in the spotless robe of Christ's righteousness, that so I may be admitted into the realms of bliss, to be for ever with the Lord, where sin and sorrow can never come. This is the point I long to know,—am I in Christ or am I not. This I know, I feel him to be precious; in him alone I hope, to him alone I look for salvation. O Lord, look thou in pity on my sorrowful heart, and decide the doubtful case; and may I in the end shout victory through the blood of the Lamb.'

SEPT. 9. 'Since I last wrote in my diary, I have been to all appearance on the borders of the grave, but I am still spared; a monument of mercy still, my bodily sufferings have been great, but grace has made me strong in the inner man. I enjoyed more last month, than I have in all this affliction—the Lord has met with me in it, and made it a most delightful season. My

knee is now better, but my side and cough are getting much worse. I know I need and must have a thorn. This is all in mercy to keep me low, lest I should be exalted above measure at any prospect of recovery. It is well to be kept in the valley of humiliation; profitable too, because it leads to the cross from whence flows solid joy and peace. O Lord, keep me near thyself, give me patience to wait the time of my affliction which thou hast appointed, and which is under thy sovereign controul; and may I trust thee where I cannot trace thee.'

Nov. 1. 'Once more I am permitted to pen down the Lord's dealings with my poor soul, and again to erect an Ebenezer of praise for much mercy received. I have, indeed, been in the very depths of affliction—death the only prospect; blessed prospect it was—the severity of the disease was such, that for a few days, one day in particular, I thought I was near my journey's end. But oh, what a happy season this was! what glorious manifestations of the love of God did I then experience! the remembrance of them is sweet; the recollection of them makes me long for the moment to be in the same circumstances. I felt my sins forgiven; I was without a doubt of my interest in Christ; I saw my own nothingness, and rejoiced in Christ as all in all; I found him to be more precious than ever, and never felt under any affliction more loose from the world, and dead to all around. I now feel a little better, but am disappointed, as I thought I was about to enter the port of heaven; but I must tarry yet a little longer—well, it is the will of God; therefore it is the indeed well. Although I have suffered much, my support was equal to it; I found this promise continually with me: "The eternal God is my refuge,

and underneath are the everlasting arms." Under every conflict, this was my comfort and support; Christ is my eternal friend; one in whom I may confide under every trial, even in death itself, when no human agency will be of any avail. What a privilege to call this Friend, who loveth at all times, my own! he who shed his precious blood for his people, even when they were enemies. What friend would do this? none but Jesus. O my soul, rejoice that Jesus is become thy friend; that is, that he has manifested himself to be such to thee. Oh what love, what grace to such an unworthy sinful worm—free grace indeed, unmerited mercy, to one like me. Oh, if my salvation depended on any one condition, I should be eternally lost. But I have a more sure foundation—Christ's finished work of atonement and righteousness: on this my hope is stayed; nor will I let it go. It is a good hope, because it is through grace. It is a blessed hope—a hope that extends beyond the confines of mortality; it enters within the veil, where Jesus is, with whom I hope to be for ever. Now, O God, I commit myself into thine hands; keep me near thyself, low at the foot of the cross. If I should be raised up, and recover a little,¹ it will be but a few years at most, and I shall have done with every conflict, and sin and sorrow will be for ever laid aside. Welcome affliction, welcome death, if Christ is my eternal portion.'

¹ At this period, such was the flattering nature of her disorder, that she entertained some idea of recovery, and said to her friends, 'I think it possible that I shall recover; I long to get from this house, to which I have been so long confined, that I may go to my dear friends at Coggeshall;' but this thought was soon abandoned, as the weather set in severely against her. Alas! how changed the tone on the 11th instant, from that on the 1st, as it regarded her idea of recovery.

Nov. 11. 'Still confined to my room, a prisoner of hope. This hope is my meat and drink; I cannot let it go, I cannot live without it. I have undergone much trial and affliction since I last wrote here, and am labouring under extreme debility at this moment. My medical attendant candidly told me yesterday, that I was gone beyond the aid of medicine, and that I am in a very precarious state. Instead of casting a gloom over me, this communication produced great pleasure. 'Absent from flesh, oh blissful thought!' I was particularly struck with that hymn, when very ill, on Monday last. Absent from pain and sickness, absent from an unkind world; no unkind reflections from professed friends then; and above all, no sin—absent from an evil heart, which I find to be the greatest enemy I have to contend with: no tempting devil then; but for ever with the Lord—never to mourn his absence: for heaven would be no heaven without Christ; there can be no bliss without God: Jesus is there continually, and is now pleading with his people.'

She was unable to write any more after this, excepting one or two letters to a friend. It soon became apparent that Miss Turner's case grew more and more hopeless, as she was evidently suffering under a deep consumption, and that of the most afflicting nature. Her poor debilitated frame suffered the most excruciating torture; and in her case, as well as in many others of a similar kind, the wonder is, that the human frame could bear so much.

Towards the close of the year, in a conversation I had with her on the subject of death and eternity,

she said, 'I have been greatly distressed, because I have not had an opportunity of opening my mind to you, as it regards my firm conviction that I shall not recover—that we must part. I trust I shall be supported under the remainder of the affliction, which may yet be tedious. I suffer much in body; and from other causes with which you are acquainted—but I know you cannot relieve me. I have every comfort of a temporal nature; but I have no enjoyment of them, nor relief from them, owing to the excruciating pain. I feel perfectly resigned; but I know I have much to endure. I feel relieved at having thus spoken.' At this moment we mingled our tears together. I was more grieved at the prospect of increasing suffering, than at the idea of a separation: knowing that it had long been her wish, and frequent desire, "to depart, and to be with Christ." This is evident from her Diary, from the commencement to its close; and the time was now fast approaching, when all her heavenly desires were about to be realized. The period of her suffering, however, was yet to be lengthened out. There remained many weeks, and even months, ere her immortal spirit was dismissed from the clay tabernacle in which she groaned; and this delay gave rise to hopes, at intervals, that she might possibly recover: at least so as to be able to get from London, to try the effect of change of air. She entertained hopes of this herself, for some time, until the beginning of March, when all hope, and even all desire of leaving home, was totally abandoned. The weather too, it will be recollected, was severe in the extreme, during the months of January and February, which confined her more to her room. have been, had the weather been so that she had

she began to leave her home on her own account—
in the country, she became more attached to the spot
where she was then living, and in her a Bethel—a house
as it were, and within the walls of which, she had
received so many manifestations of divine love. She
began to sing for every returning sabbath, or
even in the country she had, and which she
soon began to be a religious service with me, to
which I was greatly interested. She loved the
memory of her mother, and the place where his
memory dwelt. and I was a great trial, at the early
stage of her confinement, to be prevented from attend-
ing public worship. but as she was well convinced
that I was under restraint in place and means, so
after a while became reconciled, and often found her
comfort, as she had found the house of God, to be
the very place of worship.

In the month of January of the present year, when
asking of the length of time which had elapsed
since she had attended public worship, she said, 'I
often wish I lived near enough to some place of wor-
ship, where I could hear the congregation sing—how
I would raise my soul in heavenly devotion! I was
attempting to sing with my brother the other day;
but we could make nothing of it.' It was a family
misfortune that none could sing sufficiently to make
that sacred harmony which is so desirable in religious
worship, and which would have been gratifying both
to her ears and to her heart. Soon after this she fell
into rather a desponding way, doubting whether all
was right with her, and ready to give up all for lost.
This unhappy feeling continued for some days; and
was attributed, at one time, to the use of opium,
which was necessarily administered to promote rest and

ease ; but which, besides its stupifying effect, not unfrequently leaves the mind of the patient low and desponding : but, it was afterwards discovered, that this state of mind arose from conversation with a young friend who frequently visited her ; but who unhappily was, at this period, the subject of doubts and fears as to her own state, being ready to give up all hope. Relating her own experience in this way to one at all times more ready to yield to fear than to hope, was most imprudent, especially in her weak and low state ; when her tender mind was so susceptible of depression, rather than of exhilarating hope. Persons who visit their Christian and afflicted friends, should do all they can to direct them to the true source of comfort and consolation, whatever the state of their own minds may be. Many of the people of God suffer much darkness of soul, when drawing near the close of life, especially when they have been long confined (as was the case with Miss T.) with painful disease : they require, under such circumstances, all the light that can be let in upon them, and all the comfort that can be drawn from the promises of the Word of God, suited to their case. The father laboured much, in this way, to raise the drooping heart of his beloved child. He knew, too well, the general state of her mind ; and how prone it was to listen to discouraging representations. She was at length restored, by the goodness of God, to hope and tranquillity ; and could frequently rejoice in God as her own God and Saviour. As has been before observed, she maintained much close communion with God ; and He who will not leave his people in their extremity, though he often tries them, did give her to experience the rich consolations of the gospel. His everlasting arms of

love and mercy were evidently beneath her ; supporting her, not only under the great weight of bodily suffering, but under the strong temptations of the enemy, who sometimes was permitted to hurl his fiery darts, and to distress her mind with unhappy and wretched suggestions.

In the beginning of February, notwithstanding the continued inclemency of the weather, she rallied a little, and faint hopes were again entertained that she might recover, at least for a time ; but this rally proved not to be natural, but merely an effect produced by medicine. Occasionally she could take a little nourishing food ; but even this would have endangered her life, if too long persevered in, as it would have produced inflammation, which, as she was so far reduced could no longer be kept down by bleeding. At this period she reflected much on the erroneous treatment of her knee : the case, which proved to be constitutional, having been mistaken for one arising from some accidental cause. Not that she regretted the probable, yea, certain issue ; but being worn out with pain, and the prospect of a tedious dissolution, she attributed much of her sufferings to that secondary cause. Under such considerations, she found a greater need of patience, and prayed and desired others to pray for an increase of that necessary grace, that she might not dishonour religion by any impatient expressions, when suffering under severe paroxysms of pain. As she felt herself a little better, the desire of removal returned ; but the weather continuing unfavourable rendered such removal impossible ; and this led her to say, on one occasion, ' All these things are against me.' She was yet able to sit up the greater part of the day, the fire-side affording her greater relief than bed, and while

sitting, she would occasionally employ herself in needle-work, though quite unable to write; and even reading, in which she so much delighted, became irksome. She felt a want of change, a change which nothing around her could afford: the change that would be effected by death therefore, became increasingly desirable.

At the commencement of March it was deemed expedient to remove her from the room in which she had been so long confined. In this arrangement she willingly concurred, as she thought by that movement she should make trial of her strength, and also that she would enjoy something of domestic society. Accordingly on the 4th of the above month, she came down into the sitting room, and that with very little assistance. She sat with the family at meals and could join in general conversation. This continued for two or three succeeding days, particularly the third day which was the Sabbath, March 7, when she appeared remarkably cheerful and happy. It was a high gratification to her father to see her once more at the family table, taking dinner, as well, comparatively, as she had done twelve months before. To have her present at the family altar too, in the evening, hearing the substance of the sermons which had been attended by those of the family who had been to the house of God. Hope was now raised to the highest pitch, and calculations made of certain recovery.—Fond hope, of a fond parent, dwelling perhaps in his breast alone. Alas! how soon to be disappointed and to be exchanged for distressing certainty, The succeeding day produced the fatal change. The dire disease made its last, its final attack, and in one short month from that memorable day, the threatened dissolution was realized.

From that day she grew worse, and it was soon found necessary to remove her to another apartment, as the bustle and movements of the family became insupportable. The removal took place in the following week, after remaining in the sitting room twelve days ; then instead of being able to walk as before with little assistance, she was carried up in her father's arms as an helpless babe : there she was more retired, a state congenial to her feelings at all times, but more especially at this eventful period. It was evident to all around, and to herself also, that this was to be her last remove while in the body. The time was hastening, when she would have done with excruciating pain, and her immortal spirit quit its cage, from which it had often looked and longed to fly away.

It has been remarked by an old writer, that 'The Lord puts some of his children to bed in the dark.' This was the painful experience of Miss T., excepting at short intervals, darkness overshadowed her mind, and beclouded her evidences. This might be owing, in part, to the great bodily suffering under which she laboured, and to the free use of opium—and yet, it was remarkable, that she experienced no attacks of delirium although suffering so much from the want of rest—having had no natural sleep for many weeks, the little rest and sleep which she obtained being produced by artificial means.

During the first week after the last remove, the enemy was permitted to thrust sorely at her ; she suffered under the most distressing despondency—frequently saying, 'I have only deceived myself—I must be lost.' The fear of death, and particularly of suffering in death, greatly distressed her. Like Job, 'In the night she was scared with dreams, and terrified

through visions." One morning she told her father a most distressing dream, from which she concluded, and from which she thought he would have concluded, that all hope was lost—that she was only a hypocrite. She thought that she was now committed into the hands of the evil ones, who were awaiting her dissolution, and then to carry her away into outer darkness; but her parent drew a different conclusion, and said to her, 'My dear child, this is the last effort of the enemy, he knows he has but a short time to harass you, but God will bruise him under your feet shortly:' and added, 'I draw the most favourable conclusion from this circumstance. The enemy is trying to shake your confidence, because he knows where it is placed; he would tempt you to dishonour God by unbelief. You may conclude from this circumstance, that you are indeed a child of God, and that ere long you will be delivered from this strong enemy. This is his hour, and the power of darkness; but soon, I trust, it will be light with you. The enemy has harassed many of the Lord's people under similar circumstances with yours, but they have been enabled to overcome at the last: this, I trust, will be your happy experience.' After reading and prayer, she was a little composed, and passed the following night, it is believed, somewhat better. The remainder of the week was spent under much bodily suffering and great darkness of soul: often inquiring of her parent if he thought her death would be easy, as she greatly feared she should suffer much in the article of death, and find it hard work to die: and as it respected her spiritual condition, she would frequently say, 'Oh, that the doubtful case were decided! Oh, that I could see clearly my interest in the Son of God!' At length after this harassing and

distressing week had closed, a happy Sabbath arrived—a Sabbath, the memory of which will never be erased from the mind of her parent, while life and being last.

It was on the 28th of March, when in the morning of that day, her father, according to his usual custom, went to her bed-side: he had been much distressed on her account, knowing how much she had been harassed for some days past. He knew not how to commence the conversation, and still less how to commence his accustomed service with her. He observed, however, that she was more calm, but reduced very low with pain and with want of power to take sufficient nourishment. The introductory conversation was short. He read the seventy-third Psalm—this struck him at the moment as being the most suitable that he could have selected under present circumstances. Her attention was arrested; she seemed to feel the force of every sentence. When her father had closed the Psalm, he said to her, ‘Now, my dear child, cannot you feelingly enter into the sentiments here expressed?’ She firmly replied, ‘I can; they are the sentiments of my heart’—alluding particularly to that portion of the Psalm, from the 13th verse to the 26th inclusive. The parent was deeply affected with joy that she had advanced thus much, and followed up the interesting conversation, as far as was prudent: considering how it had been with her during the past week, this was as life from the dead. Her parent now rose from his seat to bow the knee in prayer; but before he did so, he thus addressed her: ‘I am now about to speak before God; is there any thing that you wish, particularly, that I should ask in prayer for you?’ She emphatically replied, ‘That my will may be wholly absorbed in the will of God;

that he may do with me as pleaseth him best, whilst I lie passive, and endure patiently whatever is laid upon me.' This was enough; the father went to prayer; and trusts he can say, without egotism or vanity, that he never experienced on any occasion so much of the spirit of prayer and supplication. After prayer, he read a hymn, and left her very happy. When he returned from the house of God, he found her still more revived, and speaking of her death with much composure; she seemed to have her strength renewed, and felt much support throughout the day.

During the afternoon, several friends and relatives came to see her, and to take a last farewell. At first, it was thought imprudent to permit so many and repeated interviews; but she bore it with uncommon fortitude. At one period of the afternoon, she received several together in company, after her father had read to her several favourite hymns. It was an affecting scene, when an old Christian friend addressed her in language highly suitable to the occasion, the rest standing around her bed weeping, her father observed, 'Ah, we are left to weep; we have the greatest cause.' 'Ah,' said she, 'I cannot weep, my weeping time is over'—and then parted with them severally with as much composure, as if she had been going only a short journey, and for a short time. Her brother too had been present on this occasion, to whom she spoke faithfully and affectionately, and parted with him, as if to see him no more. One would have thought, after all this, that she would have been completely exhausted, but not so; for when her parent returned from evening service, she entered into comfortable conversation with him alone. He said to her, 'You have been wonderfully
to-day; I think you have not felt so

much pain as on some other days. 'Not quite so much,' she calmly replied; and raising herself up in the bed, with all the apparent vigour of a person in health, she took her keys from under her pillow, and said, 'Now, father, take my keys, now that I have the opportunity of giving them up; then every thing of an earthly nature will be off my mind. Should any thing happen, you will have no difficulty; I have arranged with my brother, and you will dispose of these things accordingly.' He asked her, 'if she had any particular directions to give him?' She replied, 'none.' She added, 'I have mentioned these things now that I am able, as I may not be so well again.' The day was then closed with prayer. But as might be expected, after so much fatigue, she became rather restless during the night, and was not so well on the following day.

Every succeeding day made it more apparent that the time of her departure was drawing near. The pain increased, as she grew weaker and less able to bear it. She would sometimes say, when recovering a little from severe attacks of the disease, 'I fear you will have to say that I have been very impatient; but you cannot tell what I suffer.' To a young friend, who occasionally slept with her, when asked, how she felt her mind? she would reply, 'Built upon the rock—firmly fixed on the rock, the rock of ages.' Every day she became less able to converse either with her parent or friends. Sometimes she would pass the whole night without speaking, as every word gave her pain. During the week, she expressed her fears, lest she should endure severe struggles, and not experience an easy dismissal from the body. On the Thursday before her death, a kind friend, a widow, to whom, though poor, she was much attached, and with whom, when

in health, she had spent many an interesting and happy hour, called to see her. Miss T. had not seen this person for some time, and was glad that she had the opportunity of once more seeing her while in the body. She could not, however, converse much with her; but observed to her friend, 'We cannot sing together now, but you can pray with me.' Her friend did so, and took her last farewell. This visit afforded her a high gratification; the effect it produced continued for some hours afterwards. When her medical attendant had called to see her, she inquired of her father, what he had said. 'Does he say I shall recover?' Her father replied, 'Do you wish to recover?' She answered, 'It would answer no end, as I should have all this toil and pain to endure over again: no, I only want ease from my pain. Do not pray for my recovery, only pray that I may have a respite from pain.'

The following Sabbath, and which proved the last, was not, nor could it be expected that it should be, spent as the former, all circumstances considered. She attended reading and prayer with her father, but was unable to converse, or to make any remark. She continued very low throughout the day; nor could her attention be gained many minutes together, as even attention to reading or conversation, and listening to prayer, increased her sufferings, which, from the low state to which she was reduced, she had no power to endure. To a Christian friend, who slept with her that night, for she would not trouble any one to sit up, she said, 'I had thought to have died triumphantly, after living so long in the joyful expectation of death. I could anticipate it triumphantly; but it seems this triumph is now denied me: I must be content to pass away quietly, and make myself as happy as I can—

the everlasting arms are beneath me, and I am fixed upon a rock.' On the following day, (Monday) a Christian friend, whom she had long wished to see, and to whom she was well known, called upon her. She was much comforted by this friendly visit; though she could not converse, yet she was able to attend to his interesting conversation and prayer, and bore the same testimony to him, as she had done in the early part of the morning—'That she was fixed upon the rock of ages.' This visit was most opportunely paid; at a period when she most needed the cordial drop of consolation which she received on this occasion. She spoke of this visit to her father in the evening, in the most gratifying manner, and expressed herself thankful that she had had the opportunity, which she found so profitable and interesting. The day following, she was still lower, and spoke less, and apparently abstained from speaking, lest she should express herself impatiently under her accumulated sufferings. The last friendly visit which she received, was from the Rev. Mr. Peers, Sunday evening Lecturer at St. Antholin's, Budge-Row; a kind Christian friend of her father, who spoke a few comfortable promises from the Word of God, suited to her circumstances, and spent a few minutes in prayer, for which she was thankful. This was on the day before that on which she died.

We now come to the closing scene. Wednesday, APRIL 7. After passing a restless night, it became evident that the conflict could not last long. For several days past Miss T. had suffered much from the difficulty of swallowing even the thinnest liquid; the different organs, from extreme weakness, having lost all power of action—so that taking the least sustenance gave her so much pain, that she was in danger of being choked,

an evil she much dreaded. That she was more sensible that she was dying, than those about her, was evident, for when her father went up to see her about noon, she said to him, 'you have seen many persons die, do I appear like others in dying circumstances?' he replied, 'that dying cases were greatly diversified, according to the nature of the diseases, and the strength or weakness of the constitution,—but that he thought it would be much easier with her than she expected;' he added, 'I perceive that we must soon part, you will leave me in a world of sin and woe—I trust Christ is still precious to you!'—'Yes,' she replied, 'He is my rock.' In the early part of the evening, a great difficulty of breathing had commenced, and every other symptom accompanying it, confirmatory of approaching dissolution. She requested her father not to press her to speak; as her sufferings were extreme. To the question, 'is there any thing you want?' she simply replied 'no.' Soon her eyes became fixed in the stare of death, a violent struggle followed, which one would have thought exhausted nature unequal to, agonizing pain increased for more than an hour, then clasping her hands together she appeared in fervent prayer, though unable to give utterance to her feelings; the power of speech by this time having left her. A few minutes after this she rallied a little, her speech returned just sufficiently to bid those about her, 'good night!' Nature made another struggle—when she lay down, and in about a quarter of an hour afterwards, quietly breathed out her soul into the hands of her Saviour and her God, surrounded by weeping friends, and in the presence of her sorrowful parent, who would gladly have borne her pain and assuaged her grief,—yea, who would willingly have died for her; but that, the

the expression of parental affection, is vain. She was interested in a better friend, a better surety, a better Saviour; one who could do more for her than any earthly parent or earthly friend. One, who in all her afflictions was himself afflicted. One, who had borne her griefs and carried her sorrows. One, who had tasted death for her. One, who had purchased eternal redemption for her. One, who gave her the victory, and who has conferred on her the blood-bought crown and the golden harp. One, who has received her to the mansions of eternal bliss, prepared for her before the foundation of the world.

Her remains were buried by the side of those of her mother, and of her friend, Miss Mary Wayland, in Bishopsgate church-yard, on Sunday, April 18, 1830. After which a funeral sermon was preached for her at St. Antholin's, by the Rev. John Peers, M. A. the Evening Lecturer; and on the following Sabbath at Merton Chapel, in the County of Surrey, to a deeply-affected audience, whose sympathetic feelings, with those of the parent under his irreparable loss, were manifested by mingling their tears with his on this solemn and interesting occasion.

CONCLUSION.

HAVING given such copious extracts from the diary of Miss Turner, the writer deems it unnecessary to present any formal sketch of her character—as in those extracts her character is fully developed, her outward deportment exhibited, and her heart laid open before the world. All that is necessary he conceives for him to do by way of conclusion is, to address a word or two to young persons in reference to some of the leading features in the character here displayed.

And first, by way of caution, as to the choice of associates in early life. Much depends upon the formation of early friendships; and many young persons have to date their ruin from this circumstance. Parents and guardians cannot be too particular in directing their charge in the choice of suitable companions. There is something more than respectability of connexions to be observed here. The first confidential acquaintance formed by Miss T., though of high respectability as to connexions in life, and of a religious character too, was not a suitable companion, as is evident from her own remarks after her conversion: for, in reference to this young lady, she says, ‘she is a trouble to me—a thorn in my side—often causing many tears; but for whose best interests I feel much concern; and for whose conversion I constantly pray.’ When, by the grace of God, she had made the Lord

and his ways her choice, she knew better out of what class to choose her associates—those only who truly loved the Lord were her delight, and with whom she hoped to live in eternity. Let young persons look at this. A mistake, in the choice of associates, may be fatal. Pray to God who cannot err; who has promised to direct his people in all their ways, and who will direct you.

In connexion with this, your attention is called to the imitation of the character before you, in seeking to hold communion with God. If the love of God is shed abroad in your heart, this will be your delight. When you delight in holding communion with God, and with his people, you will want no flighty companions then. Your associates will be of a higher order—such “of whom the world is not worthy.” Some who know no better will say, that prayer is but dull exercise for young persons; but let such look at the subject of this tribute. Behold her in her chamber, enjoying something similar to what Jacob did, when he saw visions of God at Bethel. These were her happiest seasons; for which she would not have exchanged with the highest personage in the world who lives without God. Those who knew Miss T. could tell where she had been, and with whom she had been, when they have looked upon her countenance, on her return from her chamber. The joy that sparkled in that countenance was the index of the joy of her heart. It was a frequent and familiar saying with her, ‘prayer is a pleasure—not a task;’ and, as is observed in the extracts, ‘the chief happiness of a Christian on earth, consists in holding communion with God: his happiness in heaven is of the same kind, only purer, being unmixed with sin.’

Thirdly—Young persons are here admonished to a constant and diligent use of public means. In reading the foregoing extracts, you have seen with what holy extacy and delight the Subject of this Tribute attended the house of God. Those who knew her can testify that they have seen her go to the sanctuary with as much holy delight, as if she were going into the immediate presence of God in heaven, to partake of the fulness of joy and pleasure that is at God's right hand for evermore. Young persons may not at the first, like Miss T. have that delight in secret communion with God. She had found it in the school of Christ, in that of affliction, and it became her highest pleasure in sickness and in health : but by a serious and devout attendance on public means, young persons will soon find, not only the necessity, but the advantage also, of private devotion. There is a fine promise for those who wait at the gates of God's house, and who watch daily at the posts of his doors, for which see the latter part of Proverbs viii. Such will soon come to David's conclusion, and adopt David's choice, " I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than dwell in the tents of wickedness." Thus the young Christian, when brought to this happy conclusion, will lose all relish for places of amusement and pleasurable sin. They will thirst, but not as they once did, for corrupt streams, but for those streams which flow from the throne of God and the Lamb, and whatever bears a resemblance to heaven and heavenly things, as the Sabbath, the public services of the Sanctuary, and communion with God and with the people of God; these will be their chief delight while passing onward to the better, the heavenly country.

Fourthly—Here is an example of actively engaging

in the work and service of God. As soon as Miss T.'s health permitted, she entered upon some active engagement, namely, that of teaching in a Sunday-School, as we have seen in the extracts; and this led to other engagements in which her diligence was unremitting, even beyond her strength; but her heart was in her work, and she not only considered it an imperious duty, but a high honour to be doing something for God and for his cause. The writer has already alluded to this in the former part of the work, how much she sacrificed personal ease and comfort, pleasures domestic and social, how much pain and fatigue she has endured, and even opposition on account of the preference she gave to such pursuits.

Young persons cannot be engaged too early in the service of God. There are departments of active service suited to the situation and circumstances of all who are made willing to consecrate themselves to the Lord; such will soon find employment in and for the Church of Christ. When persons, under an overwhelming sense of their lost and perishing condition as sinners, have been led to ask, what they shall do to be saved; and having been directed to faith in the Lord Jesus Christ and found salvation in him, and have tasted of his grace and mercy, their next inquiry will naturally be, "what shall I render to the Lord for all this?" They may have but a short time to work: like the subject of this memoir, they should embrace every opportunity of uniting in every good work within their means, while time and health are vouchsafed unto them. No one ever yet regretted having done too much for God. The most active service, though persevered in to the utmost bound of human life, were it lengthened out to the years of Methuselah, would be

but a poor return to God for his free grace and unmerited mercy bestowed upon us through Jesus Christ the Son of his love.

Fifthly—The privilege of uniting with the people of God in Church-fellowship next claims our notice. This is an important step in the Christian's life. There appears to be a special providence attending this step, as it regards Christians of every denomination. Even in the National Church there is evidently a providence directing the steps of its best members to those Churches where there is an established Gospel Ministry; here they find a settled home, whilst others only come and go. But wheresoever providence leads the Christian, whether to the National, the Baptist, the Independent, or even to the Wesleyan Methodist, Communion, there the Christian will find his own company. The usual way by which the Lord in his providence leads in this case is, by blessing the ministry of his word to the souls of his people in this or in that place of worship, and under the instrumentality of this or the other of his servants; but care should be taken by the Christian, and by the young Christian in particular, that he seek direction by prayer and waiting upon God—that he determine not too hastily in this solemn business—under the influence of mere fancy, or the persuasion of friends, who are not always the best judges in this case, however well intended their advice may be. Many persons join Churches without due consideration of the importance of such a solemn act: hence their unprofitableness as it regards their own spiritual growth and their deficiency in usefulness both to their minister and to the people with whom they are united.

The Subject of this Tribute was not so happily connected in Church-fellowship as was desirable. This

defect did not arise, however, from want of having due regard to the leadings of divine providence, much less was it from want of that, which above all things is so essential, namely, seeking divine direction by solemn and earnest prayer; this she did without ceasing for a long period, prior to her coming to any serious conclusion: but the defect arose, as is too often the case in some Churches, from some restless spirits who creep in among the people of God—these first create discontent, then cause divisions, and thus render both minister and people wretched.

The writer did not wish to influence his daughter in a determination so important as that of joining herself to the Lord's people; it rejoiced his heart that he had lived to witness such an event; he therefore left her unbiassed, only committing her with the case to the Lord. She had written to a friend, a minister in the country, who (though himself a dissenter) advised her to unite with some devout congregation under an Evangelical Ministry in the Church of England, knowing that she had been educated in early life in the principles of that Church under her parents. The bias of her mind however, was in favour of dissent, both as it regarded the mode of worship and church discipline; and as her father had left her uncontrolled in this particular, she ultimately joined a Christian Church under the pastoral care of one whose ministry she found to be profitable, as may be seen in her diary, and which was greatly blessed to her soul. Here she continued under all the reverses of that church, until the last day of its assembling; and which was the more remarkable as it was the last public service she ever attended, when the church was dissolved and its members scattered like sheep having no shepherd.

Sixthly—And for the sake of young persons, this is introduced. Dutifulness to parents and a diligent discharge of all the social duties of life, were remarkably characteristic of the Subject of this Tribute from her infancy to the end of life. As the fond child of a fond parent, she never willingly offended. Her submission on one particular occasion, though against her own feelings and views, proved the reality of her Christian principles, as well as her natural attachment and fondness for her parent. Doubtless, the struggle in her breast between duty and self-gratification must have been violent in the extreme—but principle and a sense of duty prevailed; and happily it afterwards appeared to herself both plain and clear, that her best interests were secured by the decision to which she was enabled to come on this memorable occasion, and for which she was led to be greatly thankful. This circumstance is alluded to in her Diary.

Young persons should ever remember, that their parents must necessarily be better judges than themselves, of every thing connected with human life. True it is, that many young persons think otherwise; but when happily from a sense of duty they yield obedience, and observe with submission and due deference, the judgment and direction of their parents, how many evils such escape, if not total destruction! How many have had to lament a contrary conduct, when they have followed their own opinions, founded on inexperience, instead of listening to the more mature advice of their parents, when all their hopes and future prospects have been blasted, and they have had to drag through a life of misery and wretchedness.

It is highly creditable to young persons, as well as beneficial to themselves, to give to their parents all

due honour, especially when they need advice. They should not wait for them to dictate the line they are to pursue; but to solicit, on all proper occasions, in a child-like spirit, that direction and advice, the peculiarity of their case may require. The path of duty, even in this respect, is the path of safety. Duty to parents is a great ornament to the Christian character; an ornament, it is to be lamented, but rarely found on professing Christians of the present day; but where this dutiful spirit prevails, it will naturally lead to a diligent discharge of all the social duties which devolve upon young persons, not only in connexion with their parents, but with the world. This was remarkably exemplified in the character and conduct of the Subject of this Tribute; her parents, as well as others with whom she was connected, sustain, in this respect, incalculable loss by her removal. Young persons will do well to imitate her here, and so act for the benefit of others, that when, in the all-wise providence of God, they are taken away by death, they may be honourably lamented, and thus leave a testimony behind them, that religion was not with them, as it is with too many, a merely speculative thing, but an active principle;—that while it glorifies God, is beneficial to man.

Passing by many others traits in this character worthy of imitation, it must suffice to mention one more only; and that is, a sacred familiarity with the subject of death. And this is mentioned to show, that when death is viewed as the Christian views it, there is no danger that such familiarity with the subject will produce gloominess or melancholy in the minds of young persons; on the contrary, the more death becomes familiar to the mind, and is contemplated, in *all its bearings*, upon our deliverance from sin and evil

on the one hand ; and in reference to our introduction to real life, and permanent and uninterrupted bliss, and happiness, on the other—the more will it be divested of its terror ; and instead of exciting fear and alarm, it will be the object of longing desire. There will be a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which, to the Christian, is preferable to continuing here, except it be to fulfil the work assigned him, and to glorify God as his witness on earth. As has been seen in the Extracts, Miss T. delighted in the contemplation of this subject. Death and Calvary were her watchwords ; so to speak, she saw death stingless, when she could contemplate it in connexion with the cross of Christ. Her familiarity with this subject never unfitted her for the business of life, or for the enjoyments of domestic or religious society ; and though conscious that the hand of death, whenever it laid hold of her, would separate her from all she loved on earth, she also knew that the same hand would bring them together again, where separation will be known no more.

Let not young persons evade a subject, which is far more interesting than they are aware, especially those who have a good hope through grace, that when absent from the body, they will be present with the Lord. It is a profitable subject amidst life and health, and will prepare the mind for its approach, when sickness and disease invade the clay tenement. It will disarm the mind of slavish fear, and disarm the tyrant of all his terror, especially when faith is in lively exercise, and can look beyond the things that are temporal, to those that are eternal.

Let none put off the thought of dying—all must die, and may die young. Nothing can be more true, than “ that amidst all the gaiety of life, we are sur-

rounded with the instruments of death." Every day brings its tale of woe, of some young flower in nature's garden, cut down suddenly, or with little notice, or on which some fatal disease has laid hold, causing it to languish, to wither, and to die. May the young be taught so to number their days, that, considering their frailty, they may apply their hearts unto wisdom. Thus, becoming wise unto salvation, through faith that is in Christ Jesus, they may contemplate death without fear; and, like the subject of this Tribute, think of death, speak of death, sing of death, with holy triumph. "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ"

'Death is the crown of life—
 Were death denied, poor man would live in vain.
 Were death denied, to live would not be life.
 Death wounds to cure—we fall, we rise, we reign,
 Spring from our fetters, fasten in the skies,
 Where blooming Eden withers in our sight;
 Death gives us more than was in Eden lost;
 This the king of terrors is the prince of peace.
 When shall I die to vanity, pain, death?
 When shall I die? when shall I live for ever?'

THE END.





